

# LITTELL'S LIVING AGE.

Fifth Series, }  
Volume XLII.

No. 2034.—June 16, 1883.

{ From Beginning,  
Vol. CLVII.

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PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY BY  
LITTELL & CO., BOSTON.

## TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.

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## THE SILVER AND THE GOLDEN.

SNOWS of winter, white and tranquil,  
When ye melt what shall appear?  
Autumn's russet? That is bygone.  
Then the spring is near!

SNOWS of winter, white and tranquil,  
Swiftly passing is your hour.  
Golden crowns must follow silver;  
Wealth of fruit and flower!

SNOWS of labor, white and tranquil,  
Soon ye too shall disappear.  
Ye shall be among the by-gones;  
Spring to you is near.

SNOWS of labor, white and tranquil,  
Crown your faithful brow.  
Ye are near the summer country;  
Snows are melting now.

Calmly closes faithful service;  
Silver crowns ye've won;  
And the golden crowns shall follow,  
God shall say, "Well done."  
Sunday Magazine. MARY HARRISON.

WO DIE GOTTER NICHT SIND, WALTEN  
GESPENSTER.

WHERE gods are not, ghosts reign. When  
Phoebus fled  
Forth from his laurel-girt Parnassian shrine  
With hollow shriek, that shivering o'er the  
brine  
Thrilled through earth, air, the news that  
Pan was dead;  
Dragons and demons reared their obscene  
head  
From fanes oracular, fierce serpentine  
Hissings, in lieu of Pythian runes divine,  
Poured on the night perplexity and dread.  
Thus, in the temple of man's mind, when faith,  
Hope, love, affection, gods of hearth and  
home,  
Have vanished; writhe dim sibilant desires,  
Phantasmal superstitions, lust the wraith  
And greed the vampire, sphinx-like fiends  
that roam  
Through ruined brain-cells, ringed with fret-  
ful fires.  
Academy. J. A. SYMONDS.

## BENEVOLENCE AND GRATITUDE.

IMITATED AND CONDENSED FROM THE  
"SENILIA" OF TOURGENIEFF.

THE Virtues were invited once  
To banquet with the Lord of All.  
They came—the great ones rather grim  
And not so pleasant as the small.

They talked and chatted o'er the meal,  
They even laughed with temperate glee,  
And each one knew the other well  
And all were good as good could be.

Benevolence and Gratitude  
Alone of all seemed "strangers yet."  
They stared when they were introduced—  
On earth they never once had met.  
Academy. WILLIAM E. A. AXON.

## BY LETHE'S WATERS.

I HAD a dream of Lethe, of the brink  
Of leaden waters, whither many bore  
Dead, pallid loves, while others, old and  
sore,  
Brought but their tottering selves, in haste to  
drink.  
And, having drunk, they plunged, and seemed  
to sink  
Their load of love or guilt forevermore,  
Reaching with radiant brow the sunnysore  
That lay beyond, no more to think and think.

Oh, who will give me, chained to thought's dull  
strand,  
A draught of Lethe, salt with final tears,  
Were it no more than fills the hollow hand?  
Oh, who will rid me of the wasted years,  
The thought of life's fair structure vainly  
planned,  
And each false hope, that mocking reap-  
pears?  
Academy. EUGENE LEE-HAMILTON.

## SONNET.

WHEN Philomel her evening psalm hath  
ceased,  
Whilst raptured Echo sinks to sleep again,  
And men return to consciousness of pain,—  
On glow-worms doth she solitary feast.\*  
E'en so the poet in his deepest breast  
Seeks for that mystic light which, not in vain  
Bestowed by Him whose wisdom, as his  
reign,  
Is boundless, leads to everlasting rest;  
And of this gift celestial weaves such charm  
As penetrates the clouds of earthly night,  
Stealing the souls of men from vain alarm,  
And Heav'n discloses to their erring sight,—  
Song born of light to light is turned at will,  
For poetry is silent music still.  
Spectator. C. M. F.

\* There is an old tradition that nightingales are sup-  
posed to feed on glow-worms.

From The Fortnightly Review.  
HENRY J. STEPHEN SMITH.

It is rarely that the life of a great mathematician presents much that is of interest to the world at large: his real life is written in his works, and his biographer has but little to recount besides tales of his early mathematical promise, the names of the teachers who fostered his talent, the nature and influence of his writings, the offices he held, and the honors he received from universities and academies. But it is far otherwise with Henry John Stephen Smith. It was to his brilliant personal qualities and his unselfish devotion to the general advancement of science that his commanding position was due—not to his eminence as a mathematician. That he was the holder of a mathematical chair was indeed well known, and many were aware that he was of real distinction in mathematics, but there were few who knew how great a man he was, or how great a name in the history of science his was to be.

When the shock of his death came, the personal loss was felt far and wide. It was not only that one of the most brilliant and gifted men of our time had been suddenly removed in the fulness of his intellectual powers; but, besides this, his character was one of such singular beauty that even those who knew him but slightly thought more of the friend they had lost, and of the loss of his influence from amongst us, than of his marvellous intellectual attainments or his brilliant social gifts. The individuality of his presence, the lightness and gaiety of his wit and conversation, his grace and charm of manner, his powers of gentle persuasion and of disarming opposition, his wisdom, the wonderful extent and accuracy of his views and knowledge upon all subjects—but so little displayed and showing itself in so delicate a manner that no one would think of applying the word “learned” to him, though to no one was it more truly appropriate—all these phrases have a meaning of their own to those who knew him, and even to those who had only met him; but his brilliance and vivacity, the subtle gifts of genius and sympathy, and the charm of his character as a whole,

which impressed his friends the more and more deeply the better they knew him, are indescribable in words. But great as was the personal loss, the loss to science was even greater; for since Newton's death no mathematician so great or so powerful has passed away in this country.

The spectacle of a great mathematician, the author of some of the most brilliant intellectual achievements of our time in the most intricate field of human effort, passing through life all but unknown by his scientific victories to those with whom he was associated, and owing his fame and his influence and his position to his personal gifts—his powers of understanding and acting with other men, his fine taste and exquisite tact, his noble and generous disposition, and the personal attachment felt to him by his friends—is perhaps unique in the history of science. By many, if not most, of his closest friends his mathematical eminence was never suspected. This would have been impossible if his achievements had related to any other branch of science except the very highest and most abstract regions of pure mathematics. It has been truly said that Henry Smith could live at heights where others could scarcely breathe, and no phrase could give a better idea of the singular remoteness of the scene of his triumphs even from the ordinary range of mathematical inquiries. No word of his ever drew attention to the work to which his life was given: but it is strange that rumors of the place he held in mathematical science should have never reached the ears of many of those who thought they knew him best.

Perhaps to no other mathematician that the world has ever produced has it been granted to win his victories so much by sheer intellectual force—to *see*, as it were, so far into a stone wall. It was not, however, that he relied on his intellectual powers rather than on the use and improvement of the analytical weapons that were already at hand in the armory of the mathematician. On the contrary, he was a consummate master of all the singularly refined and delicate methods and processes that distinguish the field in which he labored even from the remotest

subjects of mathematical inquiry in other directions; but the peculiar difficulty and intricacy of the problems that he set himself to attack demanded not only all the aid that mathematical analysis could give, but also an amount of mental and creative power such as would only be required on the part of one who purposely selected just those questions which were blocking the onward march of the investigator in what will in the future be the great highways of the science—the main roads that lead through the territories he succeeded in traversing to the quite unknown regions that lie beyond.

The mathematician with whom it is natural to compare Henry Smith, as regards the subject and character of his achievements, is Gauss. But, closely alike as their works are, no two lives could present a greater contrast. Gauss's career almost satisfies the popular ideal of what the life of the great mathematician should be. While quite a child, Gauss showed almost incredible mathematical talent, and some of his greatest discoveries were made when he was scarcely more than a boy. For nearly half a century he held his professorship at Göttingen, leading a serene life of secluded quietude and contentment, absorbed in his pursuits and free from illness or anxiety; and when at length, having received every honor that his genius could win or European science confer, he quietly passed away, in his seventy-eighth year, his life's work was fully accomplished, and had already borne fruit at the hands of pupils devoted to their master, and not unworthy to follow in his steps. So simple and regular was his mode of living that it is said that from his appointment as professor in 1807 till 1854, the year before his death, he never slept from under the roof of his own observatory, except in 1828, when at Humboldt's invitation he attended a meeting of natural philosophers at Berlin, and that he saw a locomotive for the first time in 1854, when railway communication was opened between Hanover and Göttingen.

How different was this from the busy, active life that closed on the morning of the 9th of February! It was not till after his degree that Henry Smith first seri-

ously directed his attention to the subject that henceforth was to engage his whole heart, although the hours of work that he could devote to it were only the irregular intervals of leisure that he managed to find for his own pursuits in the midst of a life of incessant activity, a life of anxious and exacting labor freely given for the benefit of his university and the progress of science. When death so suddenly removed him, great as were the works that he had given to the world, the next few years would have seen the completion of many others of no less importance. In the early years of his work he had published his researches but sparingly, and it was only as the mass of results accumulated that the necessity for publication pressed itself upon him. The same marvellous excellence and completeness that distinguished all that Gauss ever published was a characteristic of Henry Smith's work, and as in Gauss's case, so too in his it was the result of extreme thought and care and elaboration. His death was the greatest calamity that could have happened to mathematics. Year by year his powers had increased as his love of the subject had deepened; but unfortunately the time that he was able to give to his mathematical work had been seriously restricted in recent years by the labors of the University Commission. In spite of this he had steadily matured for publication paper after paper, and during the last year, since the termination of the commission, although suffering from an affection in the leg which for a long time confined him to his sofa, he had made great progress with an important memoir on elliptic functions, which had occupied his attention for many years, and the printing of which would have been completed in another three months. Just as it seemed that he was about to have more leisure and better health, and when the opportunity had come for him to bring to maturity other researches on which he had bestowed years of time and thought, his labors were closed in a moment without warning; for although his illness lasted a few days he had no consciousness that death was upon him, and his papers were left untouched, just as they



stood at the moment when the illness seized him. The loss to science is more than any one can estimate. In the subjects he had made his own he stood quite apart by himself, and no other hand can ever complete as his would have done the great mass of manuscripts left unfinished, or present them to the world in the form he would have given to them.

It is only in the lifetime of those now living that England has waked up from her long sleep of nearly a century, and has again taken a part among the other countries of Europe in the advance of mathematics; and Henry Smith's contribution to the theory of numbers — the most abstract and the most beautiful of the mathematical sciences — are vastly more important than any others that have ever been published in the English language. His early death affects the position this country will hold in the mathematical history of the century: had his life but been prolonged, not to the length of Gauss's, but even for ten years or five years, he would have been able to complete and publish some of the researches which he had most at heart, and which awaited only the finishing touches at their master's hand. When a man dies young he can have shown but little more than "promise," and it is impossible to feel certain of what his career might have been, or how much or how little the world has really lost. But in Henry Smith's case there was both performance and "promise." Although in his fifty-sixth year, the extraordinary accuracy and perfection of form which he regarded essential had caused him to withhold from publication much that any other mathematician would have given to the world on its discovery, and it is certain that the brilliant "promise" would have been fulfilled. The last ten years had seen the completion and publication of some twenty papers, all containing the finished results of work begun long before, and it is only after turning over the pages of these lasting records of their author's genius that it is possible to realize the loss his country and the world have suffered by his premature death.

Henry Smith's life differs in almost all

essential respects not only from Gauss's but from that of every other great mathematician. This difference shows itself even from the beginning, for as a boy he displayed no special aptitude or taste for mathematics, although there is abundant evidence, which will surprise none who knew him, of the great natural gifts of which this science was afterwards to have the full benefit.

He was born in Dublin on November 2, 1826, and was the fourth child of his parents. His father, John Smith, was the son of a clergyman at Bantry, County Cork. He was a barrister-at-law, and graduated at Trinity College, Dublin, and afterwards at Brasenose College, Oxford, in order to shorten the residence at the Inns of Court required before he could be called to the bar. At the Temple he was the law pupil of Henry John Stephen, serjeant-at-law, best known to the world as the editor of Blackstone's Commentaries. The law student and his master were greatly attached to each other, and the pupil gave the master's name to the younger of his two sons.

John Smith married Mary Murphy, a daughter of a country gentleman living on the shores of Bantry Bay. She was one of fourteen children, brought up in the wildest Irish fashion, but many or all of whom were endowed with physical strength, personal beauty, and rare gifts of intellect. The name of Smith was brought over by a member of a Dorsetshire family in the time of James II., but otherwise the family was Irish.

When Henry Smith was just two years old his father died, his death being due to the same malady as that which has just carried off the son. There were four children, two sons and two daughters, of whom the eldest, a girl, was but nine years of age, and to their education the widow thenceforth devoted herself. She was one of those rare people to whom isolation and the lack of all opportunities of culture had proved the goad and spur impelling them to help themselves, and to make all the use they could of the scanty materials at their command. In a world where literature was unknown, the girls fell eagerly on the books their brothers

brought home from their English schools, and made themselves Latin and Greek scholars because French and Italian were out of their reach; and to the end of her life the delight in learning and the passion for the beauties of nature, fostered by the exquisite loveliness of her Irish home, were her ruling impulses. During her ten years of married life she lived in the best and most cultivated society in Dublin; the Pennefathers, Bishop Daly, Alexander Knox, Mr. Darby, F. W. Newman, and Lady Powerscourt were familiar names in her circle. On the death of her husband, in order to escape from the sad memories of her Dublin home, and to give her children the better opportunity of education which England afforded, and which their father had above all things desired for them, Mrs. Smith left Ireland, and after passing the summer months in the Isle of Man, she settled for the winter at the village of Harborne, near Birmingham. It was here, on his birthday, on the completion of his third year, that Henry was subjected to the crucial test of whether he could read or not. The fairness of his complexion and hair had gained for him the name of the "White Crow;" and he believed that failure to read would prove that he was really a crow, success that he was indeed a little boy. On the eventful day, with childlike excitement and expectation he saw the window opened wide to let him fly away in case of failure; but the examination was passed most successfully, and to his intense delight he remained a little boy.

In the spring of 1830 the family moved to Leamington, and from thence, twelve months later, to Ryde, in the Isle of Wight. Up to this time feats of vivid memory are the only things that were noted about Henry; but at Ryde, while still between four and five, he began to display the desire for learning and the facility in acquiring knowledge which distinguished him ever afterwards. He began Greek on his own account, attacking *motu proprio* an old Greek grammar which belonged to his mother, and was full of the most crabbed contractions. It was not till he had mastered declensions of nouns, adjectives, and pronouns that any one noticed the book he had selected for reading in his play-time. The family resided in the Isle of Wight for nearly ten years; and until Henry was over eleven he continued under the exclusive care and teaching of his mother. It is probably very seldom that children's education has been pursued with such unremitting steady-

ness and industry. The hours of labor were not excessive—five or five and a half a day—but there were no interruptions. Christmas Day and Good Friday were whole holidays, and birthdays half holidays, but this was all. Early rising and most regular hours left plenty of time for play. Pleasures, except such as the children made for themselves, were a thing unknown and unheard of. Toys and games, except of their own invention, had no existence for them. Acting Homeric scenes, personating Homeric characters, and taking part in "plays" (such as, for example, the life of a shipwrecked family) were the amusements of the play-hours, together with pursuit of natural history. Flowers and insects especially were the delight of the summer months, and in the later years they eagerly pursued botany, conchology, and chemistry.

When Henry was between eleven and twelve his mother, who had been reading Greek plays, Herodotus, and Thucydides with the boys, began to feel herself unable to cope with the further difficulties of Latin and Greek composition, and Mr. R. Wheler Bush became their tutor for some months. In an interesting letter, which appeared in the *Times* of February 12th, Mr. Bush, now rector of St. Alphage, London Wall, has given an account of the work of his pupil, which deserves to be quoted here.

In the years 1838-39, Henry Smith, then a boy of eleven years of age, read with me for about nine months at Ryde, in the Isle of Wight. He had been previously taught by his widowed mother—a remarkably clever and highly educated woman. After reading with Henry Smith I had a large experience of boys during a headmastership of more than thirty-three years, but I have often remarked that the brilliant talents of Henry Smith prevented me from ever being really astonished at the abilities of any subsequent pupil. His power of memory, quickness of perception, indefatigable diligence, and intuitive grasp of whatever he studied were very remarkable at that early age. What he got through during those few months, and the way in which he got through it, have never ceased to surprise me. From a record which I have before me I see that during that short time he read all Thucydides, Sophocles, and Sallust, twelve books of Tacitus, the greater part of Horace, Juvenal, Persius, and several plays of Æschylus and Euripides. I see also that he got up six books of Euclid, and algebra to simple equations; that he read a considerable quantity of Hebrew; and that, among other things, he learnt all the Odes of Horace by heart. I could scarcely understand at the time how he

contrived at his early age to translate so well and so accurately the most difficult speeches of Thucydides, without note or comment to guide him. He was a deeply interesting boy, singularly modest, lovable, and affectionate. In proof of his powers of memory, I recollect his mentioning in a letter written just after he had taken his First Class in classics that he had not seen several of the plays that he took up since he read them years before with me. I also remember that, when writing to me after he had gained the "Ireland," he expressed his belief that his stay in Rome for the sake of his health just before he went in for that examination had enabled him to appreciate and answer some of the questions in a way that he would not have been able to do had he not resided for a time there. I would in sorrow bear this tribute to the memory of one who was not less remarkable as a boy than he was afterwards as a man.

Mr. Bush was succeeded by two gentlemen of excellent character and devoted to their work, but of less ability, and Mrs. Smith found that adequate teaching for Henry could not be obtained from resident tutors. Following the advice of the last of the tutors, Mrs. Smith removed to Oxford in the autumn of 1840, when Henry became the daily pupil of the Rev. H. Highton. In the summer of 1841 Mr. Highton was appointed to a mastership at Rugby. He was accompanied by his pupil, who being only fifteen was disqualified by age from entering the sixth form, although possessed of sufficient knowledge. He was placed in the upper fifth and in "the twenty" until the midsummer holidays of 1842, when having been allowed the privilege of bidding Dr. Arnold good-bye, as a boy who would commence the next term in the sixth form, he returned home, where the news of Dr. Arnold's sudden death followed him the next day. He went back to Rugby, and soon became the head boy under Dr. Tait.

On the death of his elder brother from consumption, in September, 1843, he was removed from Rugby, and remained with his family at Nice through the winter, almost without classical books and without even a Greek lexicon. He spent the summer of 1844 in Switzerland, and at the beginning of October it was thought that he should return to Rugby for a few weeks' preparation before going to Oxford to try for the Balliol scholarship in November. He was successful in obtaining the scholarship, and joined his family at Rome before Christmas. The winter was one of great enjoyment to him, and he made rapid progress in knowledge and

cultivation while studying diligently the antiquities of the city.

He accompanied his family, in June, 1845, to Frascati, where in August he was attacked by malaria, the effects of which invalidated him for nearly two years. The winter was spent at Naples, the malady slowly wearing itself out. In May, 1846, he was taken to Wiesbaden, where the waters rapidly restored him to fair health. It was not, however, thought expedient that he should resume his interrupted course at Oxford until Easter, 1847. The intervening winter was spent at Paris, and like the preceding one was a time when he made rapid intellectual progress. He remembered with especial pleasure the lectures of Arago and Milne Edwards. After the Easter term of 1847 he was never to the time of his death absent from Oxford for a single term. In the summer of 1847 he once more visited Wiesbaden, returning with his family to England in October. Until his mother's death, in 1857, his vacations were all passed with his family, the Christmas and Easter vacations chiefly in London, and the summer in Germany, Switzerland, or Austria.

He won the Ireland scholarship in the Lent term, 1848, and obtained a first class both in the classical and mathematical schools in the Lent term, 1849. He gained the senior mathematical scholarship in 1851. He was elected a fellow of Balliol in 1850, and resided in college till 1857, when, after his mother's death, his only surviving sister, Miss Eleanor E. Smith, came to Oxford, and from that time onwards they lived together. He was elected Savilian professor of geometry in 1861, and in 1874 he was appointed keeper of the University Museum. He then removed to the residence attached to the Museum, and lived there with his sister, a lady almost as well known in Oxford as himself, till his death.

After taking his degree he wavered between classics and mathematics, but not for long; the latter soon attracted him, and with a power and a charm that steadily increased from year to year. Great as was the amount of time and thought and energy which he devoted to other matters, and liberal as he was of his help in every useful work or cause, mathematics was the one subject which held absolute possession of his heart, and to which his real life was given. How deep were his love and care for it but few knew in his lifetime, though his works

have placed it on record for all future generations. To say that he "made sacrifices" for it would be untrue; such was his love for it that he regarded nothing as a sacrifice; he never thought that there was anything worthy to be compared to it, or that a sacrifice in such a cause was possible. Not Gauss, nor Euler, nor Jacobi, nor any mathematician who gave up to it all the working hours of his life, cared for it more than he, and his perfect devotion was such as only a nature so beautiful as his could feel. Those only who know how completely his heart was engrossed by it, how he longed to attack the obstacles that barred the progress of the science, to solve the mysteries that he felt were within his grasp, and to complete his unfinished successes — problems only half worked out, but through which he could see his way — can appreciate the unselfishness and the sweetness of disposition which made him yield so willingly and gracefully to the wishes of friends, and take a leading part not only in the business and management of his own university, but wherever the cause of learning or science was involved; in fact, he never refused to give up his time and attention to any purpose for which his friends asked his help, and where he thought his services might be of use. But for this he would have been alive now; the incessant cares and anxieties of his numerous occupations, combined with the exhaustion produced by the severe mental efforts to which every moment of his spare time was devoted, have prematurely closed one of the most perfect and valuable lives of our age.

His two earliest papers were geometrical, and it was not till 1855 that his first contribution to the theory of numbers was published. For the ten years 1854-64 he devoted himself to this vast subject, and made himself completely master of everything that had ever been published upon it in any language. The results of this enormous amount of research are contained in his report on the theory of numbers, which appear in the British Association volumes between 1859 and 1865. This report, which occupies altogether about two hundred and fifty pages of close printing, is quite unique of its kind, and presents a complete and comprehensive view of the actual state of not only the widest but the most complicated and difficult branch of pure mathematics. It is remarkable for the same perfection of form, condensed mode of statement of processes, and what may be termed

"mathematical good taste," that distinguished all his work. Not only does the report contain a complete account of the wonderful series of discoveries of Gauss and his pupils and successors, but there is also much original matter, though with characteristic modesty it is but rarely that it is distinguished in any way from results that are merely quoted. But the amount of original work that he accomplished was far greater than he could find room for in the report, and the splendid advances that he made in the science were communicated to the Royal Society in a series of papers between 1860 and 1867. Attention has just been directed to one of these papers by the award to him of the great mathematical prize of the French Academy. The subject of the prize was the decomposition of a number as a sum of five squares — a very special case of the general question of the classification of quadratic forms, of which he had published the complete solution in 1867. Eisenstein had partially solved the question of five squares, and the French Academy, in ignorance of Henry Smith's work, proposed the completion of Eisenstein's solution as the subject for the prize for 1883. When this subject was announced last year Henry Smith's time was engrossed by investigations connected with his large memoir on elliptic functions, and besides having a great dislike to become a competitor, especially under the circumstances, he was very reluctant to leave, even for a short time, the work he had in hand. At length, however, he decided to write out a portion of his published work, together with its application to the problem of five squares (for which, in the paper of 1867, he had given the results, but without demonstration), and to send it in as an essay. In taking this course he acted in accordance with the request of one of the academicians, who pointed out to him that in this way the Academy would be relieved of the embarrassment in which it was placed. No episode could bring out in a more striking light the distance that he had advanced beyond his contemporaries than that a question of which he had given the solution in 1867 as a corollary from more general principles that governed the whole class of investigations to which it belonged, should have been regarded by the French Academy in 1882 as of so much importance as to be worthy to form the subject of their great prize. It affords, too, a singular illustration of the little attention that works destined to be-

come classical attracted in the lifetime of their author.

He was led by his researches on the theory of numbers to the theory of elliptic functions, and on this subject he has published since 1864 results scarcely inferior in importance to his achievements in the former theory. His third subject was modern geometry, in which he was quite without a rival in England, and of which he showed the same wonderful mastery. All that he published had reference to one or other of these three subjects. Pure mathematics is divisible into two great branches—the theory of numbers, or “arithmetical,” *i.e.*, the theory of discrete magnitude, and algebra, the theory of continuous magnitude. The aims and methods and processes of the two branches are quite distinct. The algebraical branch, which admits of application to physics and to all the exact sciences, is the one that has been most generally studied; in fact, ninety-nine out of every hundred mathematical papers relate to it. A characteristic of Henry Smith’s work, no less than of Gauss’s, is the “arithmetical” mode of treatment that runs through the whole of it, no matter what the subject; and his great command over the processes of the science of number is everywhere conspicuous.

This is one reason why Henry Smith’s writings are difficult to read, for as regards the “arithmetical” knowledge required the senior wrangler is no better off than the schoolboy; but another and more powerful reason is afforded by the very perfection of form that he gave to his work. In this he resembled Gauss, and no words could more exactly describe his own work than those which he has applied to the great German mathematician in the following sentences:—

If we except the great name of Newton (and the exception is one which Gauss himself would have been delighted to make) it is probable that no mathematician of any age or country has ever surpassed Gauss in the combination of an abundant fertility of invention with an absolute rigorouslyness in demonstration, which the ancient Greeks themselves might have envied. It may be admitted, without any disparagement to the eminence of such great mathematicians as Euler and Cauchy, that they were so overwhelmed with the exuberant wealth of their own creations, and so fascinated by the interest attaching to the results at which they arrived, that they did not greatly care to expend their time in arranging their ideas in a

strictly logical order, or even in establishing by irrefragable proof propositions which they instinctively felt, and could almost see, to be true. With Gauss the case was otherwise. It may seem paradoxical, but it is probably nevertheless true, that it is precisely the effort after a logical perfection of form which has rendered the writings of Gauss open to the charge of obscurity and unnecessary difficulty. The fact is that there is neither obscurity nor difficulty in his writings as long as we read them in the submissive spirit in which an intelligent schoolboy is made to read his Euclid. Every assertion that is made is fully proved, and the assertions succeed one another in a perfectly just analogical order; there is nothing so far of which we can complain. But when we have finished the perusal, we soon begin to feel that our work is but begun, that we are still standing on the threshold of the temple, and that there is a secret which lies behind the veil, and is as yet concealed from us. . . . No vestige appears of the process by which the result itself was obtained, perhaps not even a trace of the considerations which suggested the successive steps of the demonstration. Gauss says more than once that, for brevity, he only gives the synthesis, and suppresses the analysis of his propositions. *Pauca sed matura* were the words with which he delighted to describe the character which he endeavored to impress upon his mathematical writings. If, on the other hand, we turn to a memoir of Euler’s, there is a sort of free and luxuriant gracefulness about the whole performance which tells of the quiet pleasure which Euler must have taken in each step of his work; but we are conscious nevertheless that we are at an immense distance from the severe grandeur of design which is characteristic of all Gauss’s greater efforts. The preceding criticism, if just, ought not to appear wholly trivial, for though it is quite true that in any mathematical work the substance is immeasurably more important than the form, yet it cannot be doubted that many mathematical memoirs of our own time suffer greatly (if we may dare to say so) from a certain slovenliness in the mode of presentation; and that (whatever may be the value of their contents) they are stamped with a character of slightness and perishableness which contrasts strongly with the adamantine solidity and clear hard modelling, which (we may be sure) will keep the writings of Gauss from being forgotten long after the chief results and methods contained in them have been incorporated in treatises more easily read, and have come to form a part of the common patrimony of all working mathematicians. And we must never forget (what in an age so futile of new mathematical conceptions as our own we are only too apt to forget) that it is the business of mathematical science not only to discover new truths and new methods, but also to establish them, at whatever cost of time and labor, upon a basis of irrefragable reasoning.

The μαθηματικὸς πειθαρχοῦν has no more right to be listened to now than he had in the

\* They occur in an article on Gauss, by Mr. R. Tucker, in *Nature*, April 19, 1877.



days of Aristotle; but it must be owned that since the invention of the "royal roads" of analysis, defective modes of reasoning and of proof have had a chance of obtaining currency which they never had before. It is not the greatest, but it is perhaps not the least, of Gauss's claim to the admiration of mathematicians, that while fully penetrated with a sense of the vastness of the science, he exacted the utmost rigorousness in every part of it, never passed over a difficulty as if it did not exist, and never accepted a theorem as true beyond the limits within which it could actually be demonstrated.

These words describe not only Henry Smith's views, but the quality of his own work. He did not care that his papers should be "easy to read," but he did care that they should be imperishable; and the words "adamantine solidity" express better than any others could do the character of the work he has left. To the "slovenly" way in which much of the mathematics of our time is presented to the world he had the strongest dislike; and he spared no time or pains that all his own work should be as complete in its details as in its main results, and that it should be as perfect in form as in substance. He wished that what he did should be done for all time, and that it should also receive from his own hand the form which it was to retain. The order in which results are best and most logically displayed is not as a rule that in which they are most easily followed; and, besides this, his writings are rendered more difficult by the fact that he did not allow himself to publish "steps" in his work, in order to assist the reader, when they were not required by the logic. Another point that should also be noticed is this: mathematicians usually work at whatever interests them, and publish papers of various degrees of importance, some relating to the boundaries of the subject and others only to quite elementary matters; but it was not so in his case. He directed his efforts only to acknowledged difficulties in science, victory over which would produce a real advance. He severely restricted himself to such questions, and was never tempted to deviate from his course by anything that interested him on the way.

For all these reasons the standard of excellence of his writings is far above that of other great mathematicians. His published mathematical papers occupy perhaps twelve hundred pages; but this amount would have been tripled had he been less exacting in the quality of his work. Clerk Maxwell said of a mathe-

matical paper that showed talent and originality, but was ill-arranged and incomplete, that it was "worthy to have found a place in Gauss's waste-paper basket;" and it might, indeed, be truly said that much of the best work of Henry Smith's contemporaries was only worthy of a place in *his* waste-paper basket.

The cold severity of his writings forms a curious contrast to the brilliant gaiety of his manner, and future generations who will know him only from his works will find it hard to believe what will be recorded of their author. In conversation and correspondence he was so light-some and gay, and whimsical in the expression of his affection for his formulæ; but the printed pages show nothing but stern dignity and power, without a trace of his own bright fancy or a word to show how he loved his work or the pleasure it had been to him.

His victories were won by the hardest of intellectual conflicts, in which for the time his whole heart and soul and powers were entirely and absolutely absorbed. It was in his wide interests and sympathies, the pleasure of intercourse with others, and the love of all that was good and cultivated, that he found relief from these severe mental efforts. Had he not been gifted with a disposition that gave him the keenest sympathy with every human interest, that attracted him to society and endeared him to his friends, that gave him, in fact, his other noble life — the life the world knew — his fierce devotion to the subject he loved would have ended his days long since.

His extreme modesty forbade him ever to speak of his work except to those who knew of it and appreciated it, and even then he generally referred to it only in his own light way; but there were times when he made no attempt to conceal the intense delight he had felt in the discovery of principles that he knew must remain landmarks in science. As time went on, and engagements and duties thickened upon him, he became more and more haunted and oppressed by the mass of work that lay unfinished in his study. "I have twenty papers embedded in my note-book. I extricated and published seven last year," he gave as a reason for being obliged to decline to undertake a fresh piece of work. But in spite of this constant anxiety, he continued to read new mathematical literature on its appearance — all that related to his own subjects and a vast amount besides — with the same avidity and ease as of old; and the still



unsolved mysteries of the subject and the endeavor to discern indications of the lines that future discovery would take exercised even a greater fascination over him than ever. Only three months before his death, referring to the opinion (expressed by a speaker at the Balfour Memorial Meeting at Cambridge) that a man's most original ideas came to him before he was thirty, he said that in his own case he was certain that not only had his power of seeing and understanding things uninterruptedly increased all through his life, but that his thoughts and ideas and "invention" had undergone a corresponding progression and development. A glance through his notebooks affords striking evidence of this, for the later entries are especially rich in suggestions for future researches and in "guesses" at what the results may be found to be.

His power of reading rapidly — as one might "skim" a novel — new mathematical publications of the most difficult kind, seizing the ideas and grasping the processes as if by intuition, was a truly wonderful gift. If the bare truth were told with regard to the accuracy and extent of his acquaintance with the actual state of mathematics, taken in its very widest sense, it would seem simply incredible to any one who knew how much of his life was devoted to other occupations, how great and varied was his knowledge in other directions, and how vast is the range and how rapid the progress of the sciences with which he showed this perfect familiarity.

But little space remains in which to speak of his attainments and influence in other fields, or of his personal and social gifts; but these are far more widely known than are the works that will give him his permanent place in the world's history. Of all that has been written of him since his death there is scarcely a word with which his friends will not all agree. Universal tribute has been paid to his brilliant genius, to the ungrudging manner in which he freely devoted to the common good gifts that, had he employed them in any way for his personal ambition, would have early won him a European reputation, to the serenity of heart which "enabled him to wear the gifts of genius with sobriety and to use them nobly and well, without seeking to expend them in the purchase of fame, or of wealth, or of advancement," to his moderation, his insight into human nature, his gentleness and modesty, his "invincible wisdom," his freedom from

any trace of egotism or dogmatism, his kindliness and generosity, the delicate gaiety of his wit, the brilliance of his conversation and his powers of conciliation. It is strange to notice how entirely what has been written of him and his character by those who were unaware of his mathematical eminence applies also to him as a mathematician. That the "note" of personal ambition was absent from his composition is equally true, whether we regard his public or his mathematical career. He was well content to leave his works to tell their own tale when the proper time should come, and he cared not that they should bring him fame or honor in his lifetime. In this there was no trace of cynicism; no such feeling could exist in his nature. He worked at his subjects simply for the love of them, and he had no desire to make them the means of drawing attention to himself. Science can indeed boast few characters so perfect as his. It has been sometimes said of him that he was too fond of compromises. If this be so it may be partly explained by his moderation and dislike of extremes; but a truer reason may be found in the quickness and breadth of his intellect and sympathy, which enabled him to understand and appreciate both sides of every question, and prevented him from ever pressing home a victory.

An article on Henry Smith could not be closed more fitly than by the concluding words of the notice in the *Athenæum*: "No one, probably, has ever had a larger circle of private friends to lament his loss. He had all the gifts which win and preserve attachment; not only sincerity, constancy, depth of feeling, and liveliness of sympathy, but a sweetness and nobility of nature to which no words can render adequate testimony."

J. W. L. GLAISHER.

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From The Cornhill Magazine.  
NO NEW THING.

CHAPTER XXXV.

HONORS DIVIDED.

THE ways of deceit are seldom ways of pleasantness; and Edith Winington soon found that the part which she had set herself to play was so full of difficulty and discomfort as to be very nearly insupportable. In the first place, Mr. Staniforth, who abhorred crooked dealing above all things, was as clumsy a fellow-

conspirator as ever a poor girl was afflicted with. If he would have simply turned and fled whenever Mrs. Winnington entered the room, the maintenance of the plot would have been less hopeless; but this he would not do. He seemed to think that, having taken upon himself to delude a fellow-creature, it behoved him to make believe a great deal; and, instead of chatting naturally about vivisection, as of yore, he took to paying wild and improbable compliments, to jerking out pretty phrases, too evidently learned by heart, and to suggesting agreeable projects with an indescribably sheepish air, while Mrs. Winnington sat staring at him, as if she had some faint idea that he was going out of his mind.

Nor was this exasperating conduct the worst of what Edith had to endure at the hands of her well-meaning friend. From the moment of that meeting with Walter Brune at the Botanical Gardens, Tom had made up his mind to bring about the happy union of Miss Winnington with the young man whom he hoped some day to call his brother-in-law. This end, no doubt, might be achieved in many ways, it being evidently only a question of money; but it was important to ascertain, before proceeding to action, what Walter's tastes were, what career he considered himself best fitted for, and how a comfortable income could be provided for him without wearing too much the appearance of a gift. Mr. Stanniforth would have been very glad, therefore, if Miss Winnington would kindly have taken him into her full confidence, and the nods and winks and oracular speeches in which he indulged, by way of encouraging her thereto, were indeed enough to have tried the patience of Job. Edith could not tell him that she had broken off all relations with Walter; neither could she by any means make him understand that the subject was painful to her; and, what with Tom's provoking stupidity upon the one hand and her mother's suspicious acuteness upon the other, she began at length to ask herself whether it would not be a great deal better to hasten the inevitable hour, to sever the hair which sustained the impending sword, and have done with it.

The courage of despair came to Edith's aid one morning, when her mother had been subjecting her to a more than usually severe course of interrogation, and with a calmness which astonished herself, she said,—

"I think I had better tell you that I have refused Mr. Stanniforth."

Mrs. Winnington immediately went through a sort of pantomime of dropping down dead. Verbal comment would, she felt, be absurdly inadequate to the occasion, and for some minutes she would do nothing but gasp and groan. When, however, she did recover the use of her tongue she employed it with all that vigor of which she was a mistress. She scolded, she entreated, she wept copiously; finally she declared that Edith was a silly girl, who did not know her own mind, and that she herself would make it her business to console poor Mr. Stanniforth, and to let him know that his rejection was not meant to be taken seriously.

Thus there was nothing for it but to explain that Mr. Stanniforth stood in no need of consolation; and so, by degrees, the whole truth came out, and Mrs. Winnington received the crushing intelligence that not only was another to bear away the prize, but that that other's chance of doing so was the result of Edith's officiousness in enlightening the wretched man as to the state of his own affections.

There is no saying what might not have happened to the offender after this, if a ring at the door-bell had not caused an abrupt suspension of hostilities.

"Not at home!" gasped Mrs. Winnington from the sofa. "Go and tell them, not at home!"

But either Edith was too late, or she thought only of effecting her own escape; for the next moment Colonel Kenyon was announced, and, striding into the room, beheld the foe with whom he had come to wage war prostrate upon her sofa, dishevelled as to her hair, and very red and swollen as to her eyes and nose.

"How do you do?" said Mrs. Winnington. "I don't know why they let you come up. I am not in a state to receive visitors. I am very ill indeed."

"Oh!" said Hugh, a good deal disconcerted; for he felt that the force of his attack must now be greatly weakened. "What is the matter with you? Gout again?"

"I believe," answered Mrs. Winnington impressively, "that I am about to die."

"Oh, I don't think so; you don't look like it at all," said Hugh, with conspicuous lack of sympathy.

"I do not know," rejoined Mrs. Winnington, "what I may look like, but I know what I feel. However, I have no wish to weary you with my complaints. I have never talked about my health, not taken care of it, as you are aware. Per

haps, if I had thought less of others and more of myself, as Cardinal Wolsey said, I should not be in the condition that I am in now."

"I didn't know that Cardinal Wolsey had said that," remarked Hugh; "but, to the best of my belief, you have no reason to reproach yourself on that score, Mrs. Winnington. You haven't thought too much about Margaret of late, it seems to me."

"Really, Hugh," cried Mrs. Winnington, "I am not prepared to be lectured by you. Margaret and I perfectly understand one another, and we do not require to be taught our duty by anybody. Dear Margaret would be the first person to protest against an insinuation that she had been neglected."

"That may be; but her protesting wouldn't alter the fact that she is neglected. Why, you don't even know where she is!"

"I don't quite understand what you mean by taking up this tone, Hugh, and if we were not such very old friends I should be inclined to put a stop to it. I certainly do not know dear Margaret's address; but that is only because she has thought fit to conceal it from me. I must say that I think Margaret has behaved with some want of consideration for me; but I have never hinted that I felt this in writing to her, nor have I attempted in any way to interfere with her plans. To speak of my not having thought about her is nonsense. I suppose that no one but you would have brought such a ridiculous accusation as that against me. The truth is that I have been, and am, most anxious to know where she has been all this time."

"Well," said Hugh, conscious that the case for the defence was being conducted with some ability, "I can give you the information that you are so anxious for. She has been in a nurses' institution; and I am sorry to say that she has made herself rather seriously ill. Yesterday, by a fortunate chance, I happened to meet her, and I was able to persuade her to leave the place at once. It was not a day too soon, I can tell you."

"A nurses' institution! You don't mean to say so! How very extraordinary poor dear Margaret is! Of course you were quite right to take her away — especially if she is going to be ill. It is nothing catching, I hope?"

"No; you need not be afraid of going to see her. It is the old trouble again.

At least, it is partly that and partly nervous prostration, the doctor says."

"Dear me! Well, I don't wonder, I'm sure. What can you expect, if people will do such absurd and uncalled-for things?"

"She had her reasons," answered Hugh shortly. He was dying to say what those reasons were; but he remembered his promise to repeat nothing of Philip's iniquities; and though for his own part, he thought there was not a pin to choose between Mrs. Winnington and the other delinquent, he could not conscientiously assert that the cost of the establishment in Park Street was the direct cause of Margaret's retrenchment.

"As for my going to see her," Mrs. Winnington went on, "I don't know how long it may be before I am able to manage that; I have not been out of the house for three weeks. But I will send Edith. Where is dear Margaret now?"

Deliberately and at some length, as his habit was, Hugh stated the provisional arrangements which he had made on Margaret's behalf, gave an account of the condition in which he had found her, and reported the course of treatment recommended by the doctor. The interview was not passing off at all in the manner which he had anticipated. His firm intention had been to tell Mrs. Winnington plainly that she was an old monster of selfishness, and, if possible, to make her thoroughly ashamed of herself for once; but now he did not quite see his way to doing this. Mrs. Winnington was not in the least ashamed of herself, and spoke with so much affection and sympathy of poor dear Margaret that it seemed as if all hope of plain speaking must be abandoned.

"Of course you will prepare to take her abroad directly," said he, in conclusion, half hoping that the old lady would make some objection. And in this she did not disappoint him.

"I don't know about directly," she answered. "I meant to have gone to Homburg as soon as I was able to travel; but things have happened which may oblige me to change my plans. As for remaining a whole winter out of England, that I certainly cannot do; and I am quite certain that dear Margaret will not be so unreasonable as to expect it of me."

Already Mrs. Winnington had realized the necessity of discovering a successor for the faithless Stanniforth, and she felt that it would never do to waste the best

part of a year in wandering through foreign lands. "You must remember," she continued, "that Margaret is not my only daughter, and that I cannot always be with her. I have tried to leave her as little alone as I could; but it is impossible that I should be altogether at her disposal, and I have made some engagements for the autumn which I must fulfil. That is, if I live so long," she added, remembering that she had just predicted her speedy dissolution.

"In other words, rather than give up a few visits, you would leave Margaret to the tender mercies of a doctor and a lady's-maid, hundreds of miles away from all her friends."

"What your object can be in saying rude and false things about me, Hugh, I cannot imagine. Of course dear Margaret must have some one with her, and if she were really ill I should go to her at once. But I don't think it likely that matters are as bad as you make out, and there would be no difficulty in finding some one to take my place. Why should not *you* go with her?"

This suggestion caused a slight flush to mount into Hugh's sun-burned cheeks. "I am afraid," said he, "that would hardly do. Aged as I am, Margaret and I could not very well travel about together alone."

"I really don't know why you should not; you are almost like her guardian. But it would be quite easy to discover a third person; or Margaret might even engage a companion, if necessary. However, all these matters can be discussed later; just now I do not feel up to talking any more. Will you give my best love to dear Margaret, please, and tell her that if she will come and see me I shall be so glad? Edith will go to her as soon as she has a spare moment."

"Very well; I will give her that message," answered Hugh, getting up; and as he went down-stairs he tried to console himself by reflecting that he would probably have done more harm than good if he had succeeded in picking a quarrel with Mrs. Winnington.

"But the other," thought he, "is different. He is a man. I can deal with him, I think."

Hugh did not ask himself whether any good purpose would be served by his quarrelling with "the other." His feeling was that these two people ought really to be made to see themselves in their true colors, and if he didn't do them this service nobody would. So, in full confidence of the righteousness of his purpose, he

marched off to Berkeley Square, and, on hearing that Mr. Marescalchi was at home, declined to send in his card, saying that he would go straight up-stairs. Philip, he thought, should not have the chance of refusing to receive him. He was not asked to mount any higher than the first floor, and it added fuel to the flames of his indignation to be shown into a spacious sitting-room, adorned with much gilding and crimson damask and many mirrors.

"You have dropped into pretty comfortable quarters here," he remarked, almost before Philip had time to say "How do you do?"

Mr. Marescalchi, who had been lying on the sofa, smoking a cigarette, resumed his recumbent attitude, and blew a cloud of smoke toward the ceiling. "They wouldn't be bad," he replied, "if they were not so execrably furnished. It is pain and grief to have to sit in such a gaudy room as this. But one can't have everything; and the hotel is tolerably comfortable in other respects."

"I have no doubt it is. Tolerably expensive too, I should think."

"Oh, of course. You can't live in a London hotel during the season for nothing; and, from what I hear, I should say that this was about the most ruinous establishment of the lot. Still, when one has the means, you know —"

Hugh exploded like a bomb. "The means! Deuce take it all, Marescalchi, this is rather too good a joke! Do you think I don't know where your means come from? Are you aware, sir, that Margaret has had to pinch and screw, and put down her establishment, and reduce herself to — to positive indigence, by George! in order to provide you with the means of lying on your back on that sofa and smoking your beastly cigarettes all day?"

"They aren't beastly, really," said Philip mildly; "they're the best I can get. Won't you try one? These are not my rooms, by-the-way; they are occupied by Signora Tommasini, who kindly allows me to make use of them. I myself am lodged in a humble little apartment looking out upon the leads, where the cats sit and howl at me all night. You would feel quite sorry for me, if you saw it."

Hugh was conscious that, in his haste, he had brought matters to something very like an anti-climax; but he didn't care much about that. "I don't know about being sorry for you," he said; "I can assure you that it would rejoice me greatly

to think that you were suffering a little discomfort."

"You don't say so! How very odd! There's no accounting for tastes; but, for my own part, I dislike nothing more than to see people uncomfortable. It is very nearly as bad as being uncomfortable one's self."

"Is that why you have taken care not to see Margaret lately? She has been in discomfort, and something more than discomfort, through you. Well, I don't wonder that you have kept out of her way. It can't be very pleasant, I should think, to know that your extravagance has brought her to such straits that she has had to take to learning nursing in a Sisterhood, by way of saving money, and that she has sacrificed her health by it. For anything that I know, she may have sacrificed her life too, for she is not in a state to do such things with impunity."

Whether Philip was touched, or conscience-stricken, or alarmed, or whether he was perfectly indifferent, there was nothing in his face or voice to indicate. "Don't you think you are just the least bit in the world unreasonable, Colonel Kenyon?" he asked. "I knew that Longbourne was let; but I knew nothing more, for the simple reason that Meg did not choose to tell me anything more."

"I wish to God you wouldn't call her by that name!" exclaimed Hugh, with a sudden outburst of impatience.

"I am sorry that it should have the effect of irritating you so much; but as I have never called her anything else all my life, I am afraid I must continue to do so, at the risk of being run through the body with your umbrella. I was saying that Meg kept me completely in the dark as to her movements. She gave me to understand that she didn't wish me to ask questions, and, naturally, I could only respect her wishes."

"Oh yes; that is Mrs. Winington's excuse; but you'll allow me to tell you that, in my opinion, it is no excuse at all. It is just possible that Mrs. Winington may not have known that Margaret had been exceeding her income; but you, at all events, were well aware of the demands that have been made upon her, and you cannot have had much doubt about the reason of her giving up her home. The very least that you could have done would have been to find out what had become of her. I shall not appeal to you to leave her in peace for the future, for I know that would not be of the slightest use; but you may as well understand that, after

this, you will have to keep your expenditure within the limits of a fixed annual sum. I have determined to take matters into my own hands, and to put a stop to this system of wholesale robbery."

"Colonel Kenyon," said Philip, in a rather graver tone, "you have always had the worst possible opinion of me, and you are heartily welcome to it. Pray believe that your opinion is a matter of the most absolute indifference to me. More than once you have taken upon yourself to interfere in my affairs in a helter-skelter, blundering sort of way, and I haven't complained. It is your nature to be like that, I suppose, and I don't quarrel with you for it, any more than one quarrels with dogs for delighting to bark and bite. Perhaps, however, it would be pushing forbearance too far to allow one's self to be called a wholesale robber, and therefore I must respectfully invite you to retract that expression."

Hugh was stroking his moustache with lean, brown fingers which trembled a little. At this direct throwing down of the gauntlet his eyes glistened. "I won't retract a single word that I have said," he replied shortly.

"You won't?" returned Philip, deliberately swinging his legs off the sofa and assuming a sitting posture, while he looked his visitor straight in the eyes. "You won't retract the expression? Then we must proceed to extremities, I'm afraid. I thought perhaps you might have insulted me without quite meaning it, for your temper seems to have got rather out of hand; but, since you choose to stick to your words, I can only ask you to give me your address, so that I may send a friend to call upon you to-morrow."

"You young jackanapes!" called out Hugh, "do you suppose I am going to fight a duel with you? I'll see you hanged first!"

"Philip raised his eyebrows. "You won't fight, and you won't retract? I suppose you know what is generally said of a man who acts in that way?"

"I'll tell you what," said Hugh, getting up; "I won't fight a duel, because it's ridiculous, and nobody ever does fight duels in this country; but if you would like to call me a coward, you had better do it, and I'll give you such a hammering that you won't do it again for a year!"

Philip did not take advantage of this handsome offer. He looked at his angry antagonist for a minute with a certain amused curiosity, and burst out laughing.

"What a ludicrous position we have



got into!" he exclaimed. "We both look rather foolish; but, vanity apart, I must say I think you look the more foolish of the two. My height is five foot nine; yours, I suppose, is about six foot two or three; and in weight and length of reach there is probably an even greater disproportion between us. Therefore I see nothing to be ashamed of in acknowledging that if it came to a regular ding-dong tussle between us you could thrash me. But I think it is just possible that there may be something to be ashamed of in insulting a man whom you know you can thrash, and declining to meet him upon equal terms."

The sight of Kenyon's face, as he gradually took in this terse summing up of the situation, was enough to compensate Philip for worse things than having been called a wholesale robber. Longer and longer it grew, till, as Philip afterward said, "it almost reached the lowest button of his waistcoat," and finally assumed an expression of the most woe-begone penitence. It had not occurred to Hugh to look at the matter in that light before, but now it seemed clear enough that he had been acting the part of a bully; and what was left for him to do but to eat humble pie? It made him very miserable to recognize this duty; but it would have made him still more so to have shirked it.

"You were right, Marescalchi," he said; "I allowed my temper to get the better of me, and — I forgot myself. When duelling was done away with it was understood, I suppose, that a man would have to be more careful than ever in future about what he said, and I was certainly wrong in saying what I did. I withdraw the words that offended you, and I beg your pardon for having used them."

Philip nodded. "It is a pity that you dislike me so extremely, Colonel Kenyon," he said, "for I really have a sincere admiration for you. But we can never be friends, I am afraid."

"I am afraid not. The fact is that I ought not to have come here at all, and the sooner I take myself off the better. Good-morning to you."

"I don't want to detain you against your will," said Philip; "but as you are here, and as you will most likely be seeing Meg in the course of the day, I think I might as well tell you something about myself which I should have had to let her know before long. I wonder whether you could be persuaded to sit down for a few minutes and behave like a rational being?"

Perhaps Philip did not know how very offensive this impertinent tone was to the elder man. Hugh was too crestfallen to resent it. He sat down resignedly and said "Well?"

"I only wish to tell you that I am going to be married shortly. My future bride is Signora Tommasini, of whom I dare say you have often heard."

Hugh could not repress a low whistle. "You don't mean the — the singing woman!" he ejaculated.

"I do. And she is fat, and you remember her when you were a boy, and all that. But she isn't a bad sort of old woman, all the same."

Probably Philip felt a good deal ashamed of himself, but it is not probable that he realized the intensity of his hearer's contempt for him. Hugh, however, had had enough of making personal criticisms for one day; he only remarked, in a low voice, "This will be a blow to poor Margaret."

"I suppose," observed Philip, "you wouldn't believe me if I were to say that it is partly on Meg's account that I have decided to take this step; but it will, at all events, be a satisfaction to you to know that I am off her hands. I shall always be a burden upon somebody, but I shall never be a burden upon her any more."

Something in the speaker's voice found its way to a soft place in Colonel Kenyon's heart. "I say, Marescalchi," he exclaimed abruptly, "can't you get out of this? Are you irrevocably committed to it?"

"Oh dear me, yes!" answered Philip; "I am not sure that the banns haven't been put up already. Anyhow, I'm in for it; and really, do you know, I don't mind it nearly as much as I expected to do. You'll just mention it to Meg, will you?"

"I will tell her," said Hugh reluctantly. "In fact, I shall hardly be able to avoid telling her. But, surely, you must see that you ought to go to her yourself?"

"Very well," answered Philip; "it will be painful for both of us; but what must be must. You might also mention to her that I didn't know the reason of her leaving Longbourne. Or rather, no; don't say anything about that — what does it signify? No use asking you to stop and have some lunch, I suppose? Good-bye, then."

"Good-bye," said Hugh. He hesitated for a moment whether to hold out his hand or not, but finally decided that he would not. And so the two men parted, and have never exchanged words since.



Their paths in life diverged from that day, and when they meet now — which does not often happen — they look the other way.

Hugh, walking sadly homeward, thought to himself, "So that is the end of him! As selfish and cynical a young scoundrel as ever breathed; and yet, somehow, I'm sorry for the beggar."

But Philip, when he described the colonel's visit, a few hours later, to the signora, from whom he had now no secrets, said, "There never was a more dear, old, high-minded, thick-headed ass! It was a case of honors divided, and I don't think either of us cared much who won the game. He is a gentleman, that long thin gunner, if he isn't exactly a man of the world. I think Mrs. Stanniforth will end by marrying him. Which is a pity, for he will never understand her."

## CHAPTER XXXVI.

## REWARDS AND PUNISHMENTS.

IT never rains but it pours. Hardly had Mrs. Winnington got rid of the visitor who had intruded upon her, as related in the last chapter, before another, and an even less welcome one, was announced. When she heard the name of Mr. Brune she not unnaturally concluded that it was Walter who had pushed audacity to the point of bearding the lioness in her den, and she was so mightily stirred by this fancied outrage that she had much ado to restrain herself from hurling at the head of the father the denunciation intended for the son.

"You did not expect to see me?" observed Mr. Brune, who had marked the lady's evident discomposure.

"One does not expect to see anybody at this hour of the day," answered Mrs. Winnington, with somewhat discourteous emphasis.

"I apologize. I have no doubt I have been guilty of a frightful breach of etiquette. Please set it down to my rustic breeding, and also to the great desire that I had to find you at home."

Mrs. Winnington replied that she was always at home now, the state of her health not being such as to allow of her leaving the house. She added that she was not well enough to see any one, and that she wished servants would not be so stupid.

"I see," said Mr. Brune, "that I have been most indiscreet; and I would go away at once, if I had not a matter of real importance to us both to talk over with

you. I dare say you may remember, Mrs. Winnington, a conversation which I had with you just before Walter left home?"

"I do," answered Mrs. Winnington. "I am not likely to forget it, I can assure you. And since you have introduced the subject, Mr. Brune, I think it as well that you should know that my daughter and I have been put to the most serious annoyance by your son's conduct during the last few weeks."

"I am grieved to hear it, but perhaps it would save time and clear the air if I were to finish what I have to say. When I have done we will sit in judgment upon Walter, if you feel inclined that way. You say you have not forgotten our interview at Longbourne; so you will recollect my telling you at the time that I should not be disposed to look favorably upon my son's marriage with a penniless girl."

"Mr. Brune!" exclaimed Mrs. Winnington, red and wrathful, "if you have forced your way into my drawing-room merely in order to say impertinent things —"

"Now, my dear lady, why will you be in such a desperate hurry to condemn a man before the words are out of his mouth? What I was going to say was not impertinent; on the contrary, it was as pertinent as anything could be. I was about to remark that circumstances have caused me to alter my mind upon that point. I am now ready to withdraw all opposition to my son's marriage with your daughter."

It is to be feared that that unworthy delight which Philip took in stirring up the causeless wrath of his neighbors must have been hereditary in the Brune family. Mrs. Winnington was so nearly choked by anger that she could get out no more articulate reply than a sort of crow; and Mr. Brune, who was enjoying himself greatly, went on.

"You see, at that time there was really no prospect of an engagement resulting in anything, except disappointment. I remember to have mentioned to you that I should not feel justified in absolutely forbidding such a thing, but that I did not think it desirable; and then, you know, you saw Walter himself, and sent him to the right-about very quickly. All that was quite as it should be; but since then a change has taken place in the condition of affairs. Walter is now better off than he was; indeed, I may say that he is in a position to support a wife and family comfortably; and there is no reason why your daughter and he should not be married as soon as you please."

"Never!" exclaimed Mrs. Winnington, "no, never in all my life have I — But perhaps I had better say no more. Mr. Brune, I must request you to leave me."

"Directly, Mrs. Winnington; but before I go may I ask whether you have any objection to Walter as an individual?"

"The strongest! The very strongest!"

"Dear, dear! how unfortunate! I was hoping that it might have been only his poverty that repelled you; and as he will now be in receipt of an income of from six to eight thousand a year — However, there is no use in talking about what cannot be; and, much as I like and admire Miss Winnington, I am fully alive to the fact that Walter might do better for himself in a pecuniary sense. Well, it only remains for me to express my sincere regret and wish you good-morning."

"Please sit down again, Mr. Brune. I don't know why you should decide things in such an off-hand way. You must allow me a few minutes to think over this very unexpected news."

"As many as you like, my dear Mrs. Winnington. To make things quite clear to you, let me say that my brother-in-law, William Boulger, is dead, and has left £150,000 to Walter. By living quietly in the country and exercising strict economy, I think a young couple might be able to manage upon that."

Mrs. Winnington thought so too. The prospect thus thrown open to Edith was a humble one in comparison with that which had lately seemed to lie before her; but, with the false Stanniforth lost forever, and with no one at hand to put in his place, seven thousand a year was by no means to be lightly rejected, and, to do Mrs. Winnington justice, the fact that Walter was the man of Edith's own choice counted for something with her.

"I never allow myself to be influenced by feelings of personal prejudice," she began.

"I have noticed that you never do."

"And although, after the manner in which your son has behaved of late, I cannot truly say that I think well of him, still —"

"Still, a rich man may do things which are not permissible to a poor one, and a handsome income covers a multitude of sins. I quite enter into your feelings."

"Excuse me, Mr. Brune," said Mrs. Winnington, not without dignity, "but I very much doubt whether you do enter into my feelings. You are so very plain-

spoken with me that I need not hesitate to speak plainly to you, and to tell you that, if I were choosing a husband for Edith, I should not choose your son. I think him a loud and unrefined young man, and it seems to me that he is not likely to find himself in that position in society in which I should like Edith to move. But I have always maintained that a parent's interference ought to be kept within certain limits. One has a right to insist upon birth, adequate means, and good character."

"It would be impossible to carry moderation farther."

"But beyond that one is perhaps hardly entitled to go; and, as I believe that there is nothing against your son's moral character, I feel that I ought not any longer to oppose Edith's choice."

"I am delighted to hear you speak of Edith's choice as being made. Might I be allowed to see her before I go?"

"Oh, certainly, if you wish it," answered Mrs. Winnington. "I will ring and send for her."

Accordingly Edith was summoned, and presently made her appearance, looking very pale and frightened. This was not quite what Mr. Brune wanted. He would have been glad to have had a few minutes' conversation in private with his future daughter-in-law, but evidently Mrs. Winnington did not think it necessary to accord him that privilege; so he revealed the nature of his errand in a few plain and direct words, said as many pleasant things as it was possible to say in the freezing presence of the lady upon the sofa, and took his leave, having obtained permission for Walter to call later in the day.

The latter, who had been awaiting his father's return with no little impatience, was so overjoyed when he heard of his good fortune that Mr. Brune felt constrained to remind him that there was no rose without a thorn.

"Mrs. Winnington is your thorn," said he. "Don't attempt to sit upon her; it wouldn't be a success. If you will be advised by me you will make up your mind at once to regard her as one of those inevitable evils which time alone can remove, and which it is not of the slightest use to fight against. Don't fight against her this afternoon if she insults you, as she probably will do. You have won the game, and you can afford to be magnanimous, or, if you prefer it, contemptuous."

Walter declared that he was neither going to quarrel with Mrs. Winnington

nor to treat her with contempt. He was determined to make friends with the old lady, he said; whereat Mr. Brune laughed.

And yet the task did not prove so difficult a one as might have been anticipated. The fact was that Mrs. Winington was not ill-pleased at the turn which matters had taken; and, though it would have been unreasonable to expect of her that she should have acknowledged as much to Mr. Brune, she did not mind saying so to Walter. Full well she knew that Tom Stanniforths did not grow on every bush; and if there was any humiliation in the position of having to welcome to-day the man whom she would have turned out of her house yesterday, she was not conscious of it. Her own view of the case was that she had done her duty throughout, and had now been rewarded — not fully, still, as sufficiently as could be hoped for in a world where rewards and punishments have no direct connection with desert. She received Walter graciously and patronizingly, and after a time walked up-stairs without assistance, leaving him and Edith in possession of the drawing-room. The dialogue which ensued between these happy lovers may be left to be filled up by such readers as care to exercise their imagination in that way.

From thenceforth Mrs. Winington talked no more about dying. Her health and spirits returned with surprising rapidity; and in a day or two she was able to go and see Margaret, who was by no means in so good a case either as regarded one or the other. The cough which had so alarmed Hugh was indeed better, but the patient's general condition was far from being satisfactory. She was languid and nervous, and when her mother scolded her affectionately for her "really too preposterous escapade," she began to cry.

"I cannot understand dear Margaret," Mrs. Winington complained to Hugh. "I suppose she is glad to see me, but really one would never imagine it from her manner. A short time ago she would have been delighted to hear of dear Edith's engagement, but now it scarcely seems to interest her. I cannot get her to talk at all. Has she anything on her mind, do you think?"

"It takes a little time to recover from a severe nervous shock," Hugh answered. "She ought to have a complete change as soon as it can be managed."

"Well," said Mrs. Winington, "I am quite ready to take her to Homburg as soon as she likes now. Of course, if dear Edith's wedding is to take place in the

autumn, I cannot say how long I may be able to remain abroad; but dear Margaret may certainly count upon me for three weeks or a month."

Hugh, however, had found out that Margaret did not wish to go abroad with her mother; so he answered evasively that he was afraid Homburg would not exactly do. Switzerland, perhaps, would be a more suitable place. Upon the whole, he thought that Margaret should make her plans irrespectively of Mrs. Winington's. He did not care to tell that lady of the other wedding which was imminent; nor did he think it necessary to mention what he believed to be the true cause of Margaret's depression. He himself found it difficult to sympathize with his friend in this trouble. He was very sorry, but he could not say much. The fellow was so absolutely worthless! He had broken the news as gently as he could; he had dwelt as little as possible upon Signora Tommasini's age, and he had carefully abstained from saying a word about sordid motives; but he had not found himself able to make excuses for Philip. "He'll make them for himself a deal better than I should for him," the colonel had thought, with a rather bitter laugh. "If anybody can persuade Margaret that black is white, he is the man to do it."

Perhaps Philip's confidence in his persuasive powers was not so great; certain it is that he never came to make those excuses. For three long days Margaret waited impatiently, expecting every hour to hear his step upon the stairs; but he failed to redeem his promise, and upon the fourth morning a note arrived from him, in which he stated plainly that he "could not bring himself to face it."

"What would be the use," he wrote, "of my coming to be forgiven — for of course I should be forgiven — and of our trying to persuade ourselves that things can ever be the same again as they used to be? It is wiser to make an end and finish of it at once, Meg; and if you can get yourself to think of me as if I were dead, that will be best. For a great many years I have been your lapdog, and you have been wonderfully good and kind to me — only, unfortunately, you didn't know that all lapdogs require whipping — and now I am going to be Signora Tommasini's lapdog. I don't think you would care about the divided ownership, and I am quite sure that I couldn't endure it. You will set me down as ungrateful and heartless; and Colonel Kenyon will con-

firm your opinion, I have no doubt. So be it; only I think you will see, some day, that the best proof of gratitude that I could give you was to take myself off your hands and out of your life."

In her distress Margaret showed these words to Colonel Kenyon, who read them and shook his head.

"I don't know what Philip means," she said. "Why should he talk about forgiveness? He has a right to marry whom he pleases, and he has done me no wrong, however sorry he may have made me. Why should he mind seeing me?"

"I don't want to hit a man when he is down," answered Hugh; "but it seems to me that all that is nothing but tall talk, and that he only refuses to meet you because he shrinks from the humiliation of it. I know nothing about Signora Tommasini, but one cannot suppose that she would be a person whom you could receive upon terms of equality, and I presume that he understands that. It sounds a hard thing to say, but I can't help agreeing with him that it would be best if you could look upon him as dead."

Margaret said very little more. It was not in her power to do as she was advised, though doubtless it might be expedient to make a pretence at doing so. The total failure of her life was very evident to her; but that did not make it any easier to forget the past and start afresh. "What am I to do now?" she ejaculated to herself, after Hugh had left her; and all day long this question kept echoing and re-echoing itself in a tired brain. What was she to do? what was she to do?

By way of practical answer came a kind letter from Tom Stanniforth, who had heard something of her projects, entreating her to come down to Longbourne, and start a poor bachelor in the way of house-keeping and dealing with the tyrannical Mrs. Prosser, who remained in charge of the establishment. It might be a convenience to Margaret, he said, to be in her own house for a time before going abroad, and it would be a true charity to him if she would give him a few directions.

A somewhat similar invitation reached Colonel Kenyon, who was begged to understand that his right to make himself at home at Longbourne remained the same, although the house had passed out of the hands of one member of the Stanniforth family into the temporary occupancy of another.

It thus came to pass that in the early

days of August very nearly the same party assembled round the Longbourne dinner-table as had met there a year before; for Mrs. Winnington and Edith had been induced, without much pressing, to avail themselves of Mr. Stanniforth's hospitality. There was only one absentee, and probably only one person missed him. Walter did say one evening that he wished poor old Philip could be there to keep them alive; but this remark was received with such emphatic silence that it was not repeated; and, in truth, so far as he himself was concerned, Walter did not feel that the society in which he spent the greater part of his time left anything to be desired.

As the result of many family conclaves, it had been finally decided that Margaret was to engage a companion to accompany her to Switzerland, whither Hugh, whom a step in rank had deprived of the command of his battery and of all present employment, was likewise to travel with her. An advertisement was accordingly put in the papers, which had the effect of bringing numerous singular-looking persons down to Crayminster to be interviewed by Mrs. Winnington, and promptly dismissed as altogether unsuitable. Margaret was beginning to despair, when an excellent and unexpected substitute for a companion presented herself in the person of Miss Brune.

Nellie had been anything but pleased by Mr. Stanniforth's appearance as tenant of Longbourne; and she had thought fit to give him a very cool reception the first time that he walked over to Broom Leas. This, however, had not prevented him from calling again the next day, and the next, and every day; and his manner had been such as to leave her in no doubt that it was his intention to repeat ere long the offer which he had made without success upon a previous occasion. Now, Nellie was not ignorant of what had been taking place in London during the past few months, and her belief was that she understood Mr. Stanniforth thoroughly. He would have been glad to marry Edith, if Walter had not interfered. Failing Edith, he would now be willing enough to marry her; and, failing her, he would have no objection, she supposed, to marrying somebody else. One could not be exactly angry with the man, since it was evident that he really meant no offence; but at the same time it was very disagreeable to be annoyed by the preliminary courtship in which he chose to indulge; and as there was apparently no hope of making

him understand the futility of that process, the only thing to be done seemed to be to run away from him. Nellie, therefore, had decided upon paying a long visit to her Aunt Elizabeth, an ancient dame who dwelt far away in the west of England, and it was without any idea of being taken at her word that she remarked one morning to Mrs. Stanniforth, "Ah! I wish you would carry me off to foreign parts with you as your companion. I shouldn't ask for any salary."

Margaret jumped at the suggestion. Probably she was the only person at Longbourne or Broom Leas who was still in the dark as to Mr. Stanniforth's purpose, and she was under the impression that Nellie needed change of scene almost as much as she did herself. Had not her clay-footed idol once been Nellie's idol too? The whole matter was arranged, Mr. Brune's consent had been obtained, and the travellers were off almost before the astounded Tom Stanniforth could draw his breath.

"Looked at in the light of a practical joke, I must acknowledge that this is a great success," he said, in rueful accents, to Edith, who could not help laughing at his discomfiture. "Here am I with a big house on my hands that I don't know what to do with, and I daren't shut it up and go away now. I feel exactly like a man who has taken a moor for the season, and finds on the morning after his arrival that all the birds are dead."

"Your bird will come back," said Edith consolingly.

"Yes, but when? And when she does come back, what chance will there be for me? What am I to think of her going off like this the moment that I appear?"

"I know what I think," answered Edith: "I think you have scared her away. You made too sure of her, and I dare say you let her see it; which is not at all the sort of thing that Nellie would like. But never mind. If she had meant to refuse you again she would not have gone away."

In happy ignorance of the unwarrantable deduction that was being drawn from her retreat, Nellie was at that moment seated in the corner of a French railway carriage, enjoying that exhilaration and sense of freedom which we alone among all nations experience when we leave our native land. We are generally very glad to get home again, and we complain with much bitterness of our discomforts during our absence; but who does not know the feeling of exultation with which that strip

of tumbling gray sea, on the other side of which are all manner of worries and fetters, is left behind? Besides, some of us like to feel the warm sun on our backs for once in a while.

The small party which travelled in a leisurely way from Paris to Dijon, and from Dijon to Bâle, and so up to the regions of purer air, which it was considered desirable that Margaret should breathe, grumbled at nothing — not even at the antiquated French railway system, which delights to throw stumbling-blocks in the path of leisurely travellers, nor at the horde of objectionable compatriots who jostled them at every halting-place. Nor did any of them express a wish to return home. The subject of home was, indeed, but little touched upon between them, and the names of those whom they had left there were seldom on their lips. It would not have been easy to speak of one without mentioning others, whose recent proceedings, it was felt, were best not alluded to. Letters reached them from time to time — letters from Longbourne and from Homburg; and one morning there came a newspaper containing an account of the nuptials of Signora Tommasini and an elaborate description of the bride's dress. Over this Margaret shed a few tears; but she was careful to conceal both the tears and the newspaper from her companions. They left her a good deal to herself, having discovered that that was what she liked best; and on sunny mornings, when Hugh was stretching his long legs in rambles over the hills and far away, and when Nellie had started on an excursion with some of the acquaintances who are quite sure to be met with in every hole and corner of Switzerland in the month of August, she would sit for hours in the shade, gazing at white threads of distant water-falls, at slopes shaggy with the dark pines, at silver mists curling among the rock and snow-fields above them — and thinking, thinking.

In that silence and peace and solitude her wounds were gradually healing over — or so she believed. Long before, in London, she had realized the mistakes of her life; but these were no longer so painful to her that she could not bear to face them. It was best to recognize the truth. She supposed that her mother and Philip were rather selfish people. Hugh evidently thought so; and Hugh, who was much better and wiser than she, was always right. But when this was admitted, what more was there to be said, except that she might have spared herself some



pain if she had admitted it a little sooner? To one of them, at least, she could not accuse herself of having done any harm; while she had so greatly injured the other by her foolish fondness that she had assuredly no right whatever to complain of him for turning away from her now. And if there was not much comfort in the latter reflection, she persuaded herself that there was — which is very nearly the same thing. Some comfort also she derived from the conviction that her troubles had taught her to appreciate the one faithful friend whose faithfulness and friendship she had always accepted too much as a matter of course, and whose gentle attempts to open her eyes she had so often resented. Poor Hugh! she had never liked hitherto to think of that offer of marriage that he had made her a year before, but now she did not mind looking back upon it. Could it be true, she wondered, that he had loved her, as he said, before Jack had come? Probably it was not quite true; for men always said that sort of thing, and Hugh had evidently put all thought of the subject away from him. She was half sorry that he should be consoled so soon; and yet she could hardly have wished it to be otherwise, for she was very certain that she could never have married him.

Hugh, meanwhile, was biding his time. He understood, to some extent, the gradual awakening process through which Margaret was passing; and, like a sensible man, he took long walks, and allowed nature to do her own work in her own way. One day he took it into his head that he would like to go up the Finsteraarhorn; and during the night of his absence a terrific thunder-storm broke over the higher peaks, inasmuch that Margaret, who could get no sleep for thinking of the perils to which the adventurous climber might be exposed, knocked up Nellie at one o'clock in the morning to take her opinion as to the advisability of despatching a search party across the glacier. On the following evening, however, Hugh came limping back, having triumphantly achieved his object, and having met with no worse disaster than a smart blow on the shin from a falling stone; which little inconvenience was more than compensated for by Margaret's expressions of compassion and concern.

"You must not go up any more mountains," she said decisively; "it is too dangerous, and you ought not to risk your life in that foolish way. What would be-

come of me if you were to tumble over a precipice and break your neck?"

"Are you beginning to think of yourself at last?" asked Hugh, with a smile.

"Hush!" she answered; "you know very well that I have always thought of myself. But you will take care, won't you? I haven't so many friends that I can afford to lose one."

Hugh promised that he would be cautious itself for the future; but after that day Mrs. Stanniforth became restless and anxious to descend to a lower level of habitation. She had had enough of the mountains, she said; they were so far more beautiful when seen from a distance. And it was getting too late in the year to linger in such high quarters; and the food was bad; and it was so miserably uncomfortable when it rained — and in short she would give her companions no peace until they had consented to go down into the heat and civilization of Geneva.

But Geneva evidently would not do for more than a day or two, and it was soon agreed that a move should be made to Ouchy. This resolution was arrived at on the quay, whither our three friends had strolled out one evening after dinner; and while Hugh was pointing to the place where Mont Blanc ought to have been visible, a cheery and familiar voice called out behind them, "So here you are! What a happy chance that I should have thought of taking a walk this evening! I meant to have started for the Aeggischhorn, the first thing in the morning, after you."

"Tom!" exclaimed Margaret, in accents of extreme surprise. "What in the world has brought you to Switzerland?"

"The Paris and Lyons Railway and the habits of a lifetime," answered Mr. Stanniforth; and he might have added, "The friendly counsels of Edith Winnington." "I almost always do go abroad at this time of year, you know," he said.

This might or might not be true; but Margaret could not help concluding, from a certain hilarious self-consciousness on Tom Stanniforth's part, that there was more in this sudden appearance of his than met the eye.

"I do wonder," she said to Hugh, later in the evening, when Nellie had gone to bed and Mr. Stanniforth had likewise retired, after in the most matter-of-course way declaring his intention of accompanying the party to Ouchy — "I do wonder what can have made Tom think of joining us."



"Ah!" said Hugh, "what could it have been?"

"You don't mean to say ——"

Colonel Kenyon began to laugh. "Isn't it an extraordinary thing," said he, "that I, an innocent old bachelor, should always be the one to enlighten a person of your experience as to the love-making that is going on under your nose? Didn't I tell you about young Brune and Edith long ago? And now you see that there was another little affair in progress to which you were blind."

"Oh, but," answered Margaret, anxious to vindicate her character for insight, "I was not altogether blind. That is, I thought at one time that he admired her a good deal; and ——"

"Only you were determined at that time that Miss Brune's affections were to be otherwise engaged — not to speak of his? People have a troublesome way of choosing for themselves, though."

"I am not sure that Nellie has chosen," said Margaret.

"Well, we shall see. We may get some amusement out of watching them — you and I."

#### CHAPTER XXXVII.

#### "YES" AND "NO."

THE amusement which Colonel Kenyon had anticipated from watching the progress of Tom's suit was furnished to him in as liberal a measure as he could have wished on the following day, when the whole party took steamer for Ouchy. They all knew so perfectly well what Mr. Stanniforth was there for, they were all so determined to behave as if they didn't know, and were so conscious withal of their total inability to deceive one another, that their conversation throughout the voyage down the lake was of a most polite, formal, and unnatural kind. The two lookers-on were more than once upon the brink of an outburst of untimely laughter.

As for the principals, one of them was a great deal too much in earnest, and the other was a great deal too angry, to laugh. Nellie thought that Mr. Stanniforth had taken a decided liberty in joining them without having even troubled himself to find out first whether he was wanted or not; but what angered her far more than this free-and-easy conduct was the good-humored satisfaction of his face, which seemed to say, as plainly as if the words had been spoken, that he was quite confident of obtaining what he came to Switzerland to seek. She was also much

displeased with Mrs. Stanniforth and Colonel Kenyon, who, after the first hour, kept on making the most desperate efforts to leave her alone with her persecutor. These efforts she was determined to defeat, and indeed did defeat; though at the cost of some personal loss of dignity, and of a considerable increase in the general absurdity of the situation. Nothing, she resolved, should induce her to quit Mrs. Stanniforth's side for a moment. If Margaret expressed a wish to go forward and enjoy the view which was partly hidden from the first-class passengers by an awning, Nellie at once became fired by a similar ambition; in the same manner she shifted about a dozen times from the sunshine to the shade and back again; and when at last Margaret, in despair, said that she was tired, and would go and lie down in the cabin for a little, Nellie immediately discovered that she also was tired, and would like to lie down. The other passengers must have thought that these four people were playing a game of follow-my-leader when they saw the elderly lady perpetually starting up and walking quickly away, followed in hot haste by the younger, who, in her turn, was pursued by the two men.

But such tactics were, at best, but a sorry makeshift, and evidently could not be persevered in for long. They were so far successful that Mr. Stanniforth did not get a single opportunity for private conversation with Miss Brune on board the steamer; but once on shore, it was easier for him to achieve his purpose, aided as he was by two unsolicited confederates, and before the day was over Nellie had walked unsuspectingly into a trap which was laid for her without any collusion on the part of her ensnarers. Margaret went into her own room to rest immediately on arriving at the hotel, and Miss Brune thought there could be no danger in assenting to Colonel Kenyon's proposition that they should stroll up and have a look at Lausanne before dinner. It was, of course, inevitable that Mr. Stanniforth should accompany them; but that she did not mind, so long as there was a third person present. What she had omitted to take into account was the malevolence of Colonel Kenyon, who, as soon as they had reached the top of the hill, said suddenly, —

"By-the-by, I have got to go to the bankers', and I am afraid they may keep me some time. You had better not wait for me; I'll follow you down when I've finished my business."

"Oh, but we would much rather wait," objected Nellie; "it can't take more than five minutes to change a few circular notes. Or, perhaps," she added, "if Mr. Stanniforth is in a hurry, he would walk on, and I might wait."

"I'll do anything I'm told, except walk back alone," said Mr. Stanniforth accommodatingly.

"Oh, you must really both of you go! Couldn't think of keeping you," cried the perfidious Hugh, hurrying away to avoid farther argument.

Thus brought to bay, Nellie recovered her courage. She reflected that it would be quite within her power to hold Mr. Stanniforth at a distance, and perhaps, after all, he would have the good taste not to seize this very early occasion of saying what she was afraid he meant to say sooner or later. Nevertheless, his first remark disconcerted her a little.

"You must all have been rather surprised at my coming abroad, after having taken Longbourne with the express intention of spending the summer there."

"Did you express an intention of spending the summer there?" she asked. "But of course you were not bound to do so unless you liked."

"Well, no. And, under the circumstances, as you may imagine, I did not like."

"I suppose it must have been rather dull after Mrs. Winnington and Edith went away."

"Just so — after Mrs. Winnington and her daughter went away. Do you know, I never was more mistaken about anybody in my life than I was about your future sister-in-law. This time last year I was inclined to set her down as a rather insipid sort of girl, with a pretty face and no brains to speak of, but now I have quite changed my opinion of her, and I think her as clever as she is pretty. She and I struck up a great friendship in London."

"So I heard," Nellie could not help saying, in a tone which implied that she had heard of something more than friendship.

"Oh!" answered Tom, "I know what you mean, and I am not going to make any secret of it to you. I proposed to Miss Winnington, and she refused me; and then it was that we made friends."

"I thought," said Nellie, with her nose in the air, "that one was supposed never to talk about things of that kind."

"One is surely entitled to say that one has been refused. And, besides, I had a

reason for mentioning it to you, Miss Brune. I wanted to explain to you how it was that I ever came to make that proposal at all. For, after what I said to you in November last, you must have thought it rather extraordinary in me to do so."

"I did not know that you had done so," answered Nellie, who was now posting down the hill at a great pace; "and if I had, I should not have thought it extraordinary — not in the least extraordinary. And I hate explanations."

"You will listen to mine, though, I hope. I won't make it long, and I should get through it so much more quickly if I might sit still instead of running. Here is a bench. Won't you sit down for a few minutes, Miss Brune, and let me say what I have to say?"

"As you please," said Nellie despairingly. She seated herself at one end of the bench pointed out to her, and laid down her sunshade lengthways beside her, so that only a small space was left at the opposite extremity for Mr. Stanniforth.

Of this he uncomplainingly availed himself, and began.

"I will confess at once that I acted very foolishly, and that, if I had been left to myself, I should have committed a mistake which I should have regretted for the rest of my life. My only excuse is that I had a sort of idea that it would be necessary for me to marry some time or other. My father went on bothering me about it, and I saw that it was a case of giving in then, or next year, or the year after, and I thought Miss Winnington was a very nice, amiable girl, and —"

"Really, Mr. Stanniforth," interrupted Nellie, half laughing, "you need not make all these excuses. I have no doubt that you and your father were quite right; but I can't see what concern this is of mine."

"Well, I wanted just to explain to you how it happened. The woman whom I loved was engaged to be married to another man, and I didn't much care whom I married myself, so long as she was not a termagant. So, as I told you, I proposed to Miss Winnington, who not only refused me, but in the kindest way pointed out to me what a fool I had been to ask her. She got the truth out of me (which was the more easy, as she had guessed it all beforehand), and then she told me that your engagement to Marescalchi was at an end; after which she strongly advised me to try again. And so — here I am."

"You and Edith seem to have thought that what you call 'trying again' was a very simple matter," observed Nellie.

"No, indeed! I did not think that it would be a simple matter to succeed; but of course what I had to do was simple enough. What more *can* I do than come and ask you whether I may hope? I told you last November — and I am sure you don't think that I would tell a lie — that I had never loved any one but you. I have not changed since then."

"You seem to forget that you have been all but engaged to somebody else since then."

"No, I don't. And you have been quite engaged to somebody else."

"Mr. Stanniforth, I never met any one the least like you. You speak as if my case were the same as yours. I said to you that day that — that —"

"You said no that day."

"Very well?"

"And are you going to say no now? If you are, say it quickly, and I will promise never to persecute you again. I know you are too honest to trifle with me."

After all, it was Hugh who got down the hill first. He had been sitting for a long time in the garden of the hotel when Tom Stanniforth joined him, with a radiant countenance, and said he had come to be congratulated.

"It's all right, my dear Kenyon, and I'm the happiest man in Europe. I can hardly believe it's true."

"Oh!" said Hugh, with a calm smile, "I could have told you long ago that it was going to be all right."

Mr. Stanniforth stared. "The deuce you could!" said he. "Then you knew more than she did herself; for she assured me that she fully intended to refuse me up to the last moment."

"Ah, I dare say. Lookers-on, you know — I am condemned to be a looker-on all my days." And Hugh sighed, and shortly afterward went into the house, where he found that Margaret had already been informed of the news.

It was perhaps a natural consequence of the society of two blissful lovers that the patient colonel should have become eager to know his own fate once for all. He did not speak at once; but a certain change came over him which Margaret could not misunderstand, and, when he did speak, she was not only prepared for what he was going to say, but was prepared also with her answer.

They were sitting in a shady nook of that garden of the Hôtel Beau-Rivage so

well known to the British tourist. Tourists were away now, the afternoon being a cloudless one, and these two had the garden to themselves. Tom and Nellie had gone out on the lake: their boat could be seen from between the trees, a black, motionless speck upon an expanse of calm, blue water.

"Dear old Hugh," said Margaret, "my dear old friend, it can't be. I love you more than I do anybody in the world — more than Philip or anybody; and I have thought a great deal about it, and tried to persuade myself that it might be possible; and then — I found that it was *not* possible. I can't at all tell you how sorry I am, and there is not much use either in saying that one is sorry. I wish with all my heart that I could avoid giving you pain; but I can't help it, can I? It isn't my fault that — that I can't forget."

"I don't ask you to forget," cried Hugh eagerly. "I don't expect it; I don't wish it. You can't love me as I love you, or as you loved poor Jack: that, I know, is impossible. I don't say that I didn't hope it might be otherwise years ago; but as one grows older one looks at life in a very different way. Marriage isn't all romance, Margaret, and we know that boy-and-girl love can't last forever. Think of all the happy middle aged and old couples you know, and ask yourself whether it is possible that they can be 'in love' with one another. If I didn't feel certain that I could make you happy, do you suppose that I should wish you to marry me? You see, Margaret, I have watched you so long, and I have thought about you for so many years, that now, I believe, I know you better in some ways than you know yourself. You are not fit to live alone. Some women can do it, but you are not one of them. You need some one to look after you, and you need, just as much, some one to look after. I want to save you from the dreadful loneliness of your life. Try to think of it in that way."

"Ah!" she said; "I have thought of it in that way. You need not speak to me of the loneliness of my life, for you cannot realize it more clearly than I do. It frightens me to think of the future. Hitherto I have always had some one to think about; but that is all over now, and naturally, as time goes on, I shall be more and more alone. And I know, too, that I am not fit to live alone. Ever since I have been my own mistress I have been doing nothing but weak and foolish things, and I suppose it will always be the same. I am unstable as water — except, perhaps,

in one thing," she added, recollecting herself. "I have always been true to Jack; and I could not be false now, if I would. Oh, I know all that there is to be said about second marriages. I have said it all to myself scores of times; but I can't bring myself to think about them in the way that people generally do. I must believe everything or nothing; and if I am to believe that we don't lose our identity when we die, and that we shall rise again at the last day with our bodies, then I must know for certain that it would make Jack sorry and angry to think that I belonged to another man as much as to him. You are laughing at me. It sounds ridiculous, I know, and I would not have said this to any one else; but I would rather tell you the truth, even if it does seem absurd."

"I was not laughing," said Hugh; and, indeed, there was little mirth in his smile.

He could not tell her what was passing through his mind. He had known Jack Stanniforth intimately — a jolly, light-hearted fellow, fond of sport, fond of a good dinner, fond of most of the good things of this world, and not at all given to troubling himself with thoughts of another. It was as certain as anything could be that Jack would have turned out a very good husband, as husbands go, but that he would not have been in love with his wife for a twelvemonth, and that his ways would not have been her ways, nor his pleasures her pleasures. Had he lived but for a few years after his marriage, it was probable that his widow would have retained a very different impression of him and his wishes. But Jack had spoiled everything by dying before his honey-moon was well over, and it would be cruel as well as useless to tell Margaret now that her ideal had no existence, and had never had any. So Hugh said nothing, but only pulled his moustache and looked broken-hearted.

"Oh, how sorry I am!" exclaimed Margaret; "it is so stupid to be obliged to be such a marplot! If I could only say yes, we might all pair off, like the animals walking out of the ark, or the people at the end of a novel — you and I, and Tom and Nellie, and Walter and Edith — and live happily ever afterward, and all would be well that ended well. But it won't end well, and I can't help it. I wonder whether you believe that I am sorry, Hugh?"

Hugh nodded rather dolefully. "We can be friends, all the same," he said.

"Oh, I hope so! What should I do

without your friendship now? You are not angry with me about this, are you, Hugh?"

"No, indeed. Last year," he added, looking up at her with a smile, "it was I who had to beg you not to be angry with me; and you said —"

"Oh, don't! — don't remind me of what I said last year; you don't know how ashamed I have been of it since. Oh, Hugh, how horrid and selfish and unjust I have been to you, and how patient you have been with me! I can't think how you have been able to go on caring for me at all. But you will forgive, won't you? And we shall not love each other the less because — because —"

"Because you don't love me enough to marry me?"

"No, not that, but because I am not free to marry you, or anybody. And surely there is nothing in this that need part us. You know, you said yourself that we were not like a girl and boy; the love that we have for each other is the love of friends; and we are old and gray-headed now. We can go on as we have always done, can't we, Hugh?"

She was so eager to insist upon this view of the case that Hugh would not disclaim the sober character of the passion attributed to him. "Neither this nor anything else shall part us, with my consent," he said, trying to put on a cheerful face; "and we may certainly be friends, although I am afraid you can hardly call yourself old yet."

"I am gray, at any rate, and I feel as old as Methuselah. I wonder whether we shall live to be quite old people? Sometimes I think that I shall die very soon."

"Nonsense! you are getting strong and well as fast as you can. You look a hundred per cent. better than when you left England. What made you say that?"

"I don't know. I don't feel as if I were getting stronger at all, and we are not a long-lived family, you know. But there is nothing particular the matter with me that I am aware of."

Any allusion to the delicate state of Margaret's health was sure to alarm Hugh immoderately; and perhaps she may have known this, and been not unwilling to take advantage of so good an opportunity for changing the subject. She allowed him to wrap a thick shawl round her, though the afternoon was hot and airless, and presently yielded to his entreaties that she would go in-doors and lie down till dinner-time.

It was just as well for Colonel Kenyon that he should have other things to think of besides his great disappointment; and indeed Margaret's condition was such as to give some real cause for anxiety. For several days the poor colonel was fidgety and miserable, and Tom Stanniforth unwittingly planted a dagger in his heart by saying, "Do you know, Kenyon, I don't like Margaret's looks at all. To me she has all the appearance of a woman going into a decline." It is true that Tom immediately ate his words, when he was asked savagely what he meant by that; but he could not do away with the sinister impression produced by them, and from that day forth Hugh's peace of mind was a thing of the past.

August passed into September with a rapidity quite unprecedented in the recollection of Mr. Stanniforth and Miss Brune, and before they knew where they were September also was on the wane, and the formation of some sort of plan for the future became a matter the consideration of which could no longer be deferred. Tom's suggestion that Edith's wedding-day, which was fixed for the succeeding month, might appropriately be made the occasion of another similar ceremony, was scouted as out of all reason; and he withdrew it, with suitable apologies, when its absurdity was made manifest to him. He pulled a rather long face, however, on hearing Nellie's alternative proposition, which dealt in vague terms with a possible date in the next spring or summer, by which time, it might be hoped, Mrs. Stanniforth would be back in England. Nellie was determined, she said, that Mrs. Stanniforth should be at her wedding, and she could decide upon nothing until she knew what Mrs. Stanniforth's movements were likely to be.

The course of Mrs. Stanniforth's movements was settled for her only too speedily; for, lingering out of doors one evening when the dew was falling, she caught cold; and this brought on a return of her cough, a week in bed, a visit from two doctors, and a peremptory command from Hugh to hold herself in readiness for an immediate departure for the Riviera. She objected feebly that there was no one to go with her; but Hugh had already disposed of that difficulty.

"I am going with you," he said, "and I have telegraphed to your mother to come out at once."

"My dear Hugh, how can you be so ridiculous? Have you forgotten that Edith is to be married in a few weeks?"

"They must put off the wedding," answered Hugh, who, it must be owned, was rather too prone to consider that everybody's convenience ought to give way to Margaret's.

He was brought to his bearings by the receipt of a telegram so terse and characteristic that he could almost hear Mrs. Winnington's voice in his ears as he read it: "Can't come. Most unreasonable. What are you thinking of? Get that girl to go. Will join you later."

In despair Hugh carried the message to "that girl," and made so piteous an appeal to her friendship that she could only express her willingness to do all that might be required of her, even to the extent of absenting herself from her brother's wedding. Upon this the wires were once more put into requisition, and, Mr. Brune's consent having been granted, Colonel Kenyon was able to give marching orders to the small party under his command, of which, it need hardly be said, Tom Stanniforth had decided to form one.

#### CHAPTER XXXVIII.

##### AT BORDIGHERA.

THE sunny sheltered strip of coast where Doctor Antonio lived and loved, and where so many English people go every year to die, is hardly what it used to be. Few things are what they used to be. As for the Riviera, it is beautiful still, since the color cannot be taken out of the sea and sky, nor the hills carted away; but whatever can be accomplished by man, in the shape of hideous railway embankments and monster hotels, toward lessening its beauty, has been conscientiously and thoroughly done. The hotels are full, too, and the railway brings many travellers — which circumstances are looked upon in the light of additional attractions by some people. Attractiveness is, after all, a term dependent entirely upon the beholder, not upon the thing beheld; and to Nellie Brune, for one, this rather dusty, overcrowded, and conventionalized region appeared a paradise.

Hugh secured a villa for Margaret on the outskirts of Bordighera (a spot which it may be hoped that the spirit of Doctor Antonio is debarred from revisiting), and there three of the party ensconced themselves for the winter, Mr. Stanniforth taking up his quarters in a hotel hard by. In the month of November Mrs. Winnington redeemed her promise, and appeared upon the scene, full of sympathy and ma-



ternal solicitude; but Mrs. Winnington did not like Bordighera, and did not like the villa; and some of the inmates of the villa, as we know, did not like her. Nor, if the truth must be told, was her behavior toward them of a nature to encourage forgiveness or forgetfulness of bygone passages of arms. Edith, to be sure, was married and settled, and the once-coveted Stanniforth might well be allowed to go his own way with the contempt and pity which he merited. Still, it could not but be painful to a right-thinking person to witness the triumph of that Brune girl, whose wealth, alas! must soon be ten times as great as Edith's, and whose affectation of being desperately enamored of a man old enough to be her father was really in the worst possible taste. Mrs. Winnington, in short, snapped and snarled a good deal, and everybody breathed more freely when an event occurred which, in her opinion, called for her prompt return to England.

It was Hugh who, while reading his newspaper one morning, came upon a paragraph headed "Death of the Earl of Travers," and he at once communicated the sad intelligence to Mrs. Winnington, who, in well-chosen language, expressed all the grief which neither she nor any one else felt. "Poor dear George!" she cried, taking the paper from Hugh's hands, and perusing the brief announcement, with appropriate comments. "Ah, yes, just as I expected! 'A severe attack of gout, complicated by other complaints of long standing'—yes, indeed, poor fellow, such a constant sufferer for so many years!—'cannot be surprised that an iron constitution should have at last succumbed'—no, one can't be surprised; and poor George's constitution was certainly something marvellous—'sufferings borne with admirable cheerfulness and resignation.' H'm! yes. 'The deceased nobleman was in his usual health up to yesterday afternoon'—dear, dear! how terribly sudden! No doubt poor dear Kate was too overwhelmed to write. 'If his death cannot be said to leave a blank in political circles, the loss of so genial'—I hardly think this newspaper man can have known dear George; very proper, though. 'Long and keenly felt in society.' Yes; well, I don't know that any more could have been said. I really think I ought to go to poor Kate. It is dreadful to think of her being quite alone; and I am sure she would wish me to come, though she might not quite like to ask it, which would account for her not

having written, you know. It is difficult to see one's duty. Now, Hugh, tell me candidly; do you think dear Margaret would be hurt if I were to leave her?"

"I am quite sure she wouldn't," responded Hugh heartily.

"Well, I don't know that you need be so very positive about it. Of course nothing but a feeling that it was an imperative duty to be with Kate would induce me to go; and, perhaps, after all, I am more wanted here."

"Oh, I think you ought to go," said Hugh, who knew perfectly well that Mrs. Winnington meant to go. "Think of poor Lady Travers all by herself! There are three of us here, you see, to take care of Margaret."

"Yes, that is very true; and you could telegraph for me at any moment, if it were necessary. But dear Margaret is so much better now that I hope she will soon be quite herself again."

"Quite herself again," Hugh echoed.

So Mrs. Winnington went; and it is to be hoped that Lady Travers was as eager to welcome her as some other people were to speed her on her way. Her last words to Hugh, who saw her into the railway carriage, were to the effect that, since dear Margaret was so much better, she thought she would not come back unless she was sent for.

That Margaret was much better was an article of faith with the three friends who watched her day by day. They declared this, indeed, so often and in such decided terms as to suggest a suspicion that they were trying to convince themselves and one another of the truth of their assertion. They did not convince Margaret, who knew that she would never be better; but she was resolved not to say so yet. The time would come, she thought, when, for a reason of her own, she would be obliged to tell the truth to Hugh; but that time might be many months distant, and for the present it was far better to wear a smiling face, to laugh at Hugh's old-womanish precautions, and to encourage the others with hopes which never could be fulfilled.

A very little encouragement of that kind will generally be found to suffice. Death, from the contemplation of which humanity has always shrunk, has become a somewhat specially repugnant subject to a generation penetrated with more or less conscious agnosticism; and, besides, no sensible person wishes to meet trouble half-way. Tom and Nellie were easily persuaded to look on the brightest side of



things, and even Hugh, who was more observant and less sanguine, would not admit to himself that anything worse than a rather prolonged period of anxiety was in store for him. So they went on saying she was better until it was impossible to say that any longer, and then they said she was no worse, and then that she would be better when the spring came.

It was after Hugh had made use of the latter formula, one rainy day in January, that Margaret at length spoke to him openly. "I don't think I shall be here when the spring comes," she said, "and I know you don't think so either, Hugh. Please don't contradict me; we must make up our minds to it, and it is no such great misfortune, after all. There is no need to say anything to the others; but I must say this to you, because there is something that I want you to do for me. I wonder whether you will mind?"

"Mind! As if you did not know that I would do anything for you! But, Margaret, I don't think you are any worse than you were a week ago — I don't, really. The weather is bad now, and you are feeling down. When the sun comes out again you will see! We shall be laughing at these dismal notions when the spring comes."

Poor Hugh's brave words were sadly belied by his face, which was not one trained to dissimulation. The tears do not come very easily at five-and-forty; but there were tears in Hugh's eyes now, and Margaret saw them.

"I can't — I can't give up hope," he gasped out, half involuntarily.

"Very well," she answered, smiling; "we won't give up hope, then; but there is no harm in being prepared. And now for my request. I want you to write to Philip — here is his address — and ask him to come and say good-bye to me. I think if you write he will come; and, Hugh, if you have anything to forgive him, you will forgive, won't you, for my sake?"

Hugh nodded.

"I must tell you," Margaret went on, "that I did write to him some time ago, but —"

"Is it possible that he didn't answer you?" cried Hugh, firing up.

"He answered the second time. Don't be angry, please, Hugh; I quite understand how he feels. He said it would be painful for us to meet again, and that it was much better that we should break off everything than see each other now and then, and be reminded of how completely

our lives are separated. I don't agree with him, but I think it is very natural that he should have taken up that idea. He wishes to spare me pain, I fancy."

Hugh fancied that he knew Marescalchi a little better than that. To him it was as clear as daylight that, since Philip could no longer get anything out of his benefactress, he no longer cared to be troubled with her. But this, of course, he did not say. He merely observed, "You are not asking him to see you 'now and then,' though; you are only asking him to come once. He could scarcely refuse to do that, I suppose."

"He will not believe that I am so ill. He says I have allowed myself to get depressed — just as you say, you know — and that I shall be all right again soon. I am afraid he might not be convinced even if I wrote a third time; but if you told him that I was — dying, I don't think he could doubt any more. And, Hugh, we must not put it off too long."

The task laid upon Colonel Kenyon was one which did not come very easily to that honest man; but he discharged himself of it to the best of his ability, trying to infuse a friendly tone into his letter, and to avoid all allusions which might seem to savor of reproach. He could not bring himself to say that Margaret was dying, but he did say that she believed herself to be dying — "and, whether this be so or no," he added, "there can be no question that you must comply with her wish and come to her. Let me have a line by return of post to say when we may expect you; unless you decide to telegraph and start at once, which would be better, I think."

Philip did not adopt the latter course; but the return post brought a somewhat lengthy reply from him. He said that Colonel Kenyon's letter had grieved him more than any words of his could express. Although, for everybody's sake, he had thought it best to break off all direct communication with Mrs. Stanniforth, he was sure that neither she nor Colonel Kenyon would suppose that he could ever forget her kindness to him, or that she was not constantly in his thoughts. He had quite hoped that the warm south would restore her to health again — "indeed I hope this still, and so, as I am glad to see by your letter, do you. She has always fancied that she would not live long, and my own impression is that she is out of health and spirits, and has allowed this idea to get too much of a hold upon her. Now, as to my going out to Bordighera. Of course, since she wishes it, I will try and manage

to do so. It will be a trial to me, as you will easily understand, when you remember of whom your party consists; but that, as our dear Mrs. Winnington used to say, 'is not the question.' I have, however, a difficulty about leaving London at the present moment." And then followed a long and rather incoherent statement, the upshot of which appeared to be that Mr. Marescalchi had pledged himself to sing at more than one impending concert, and that he did not quite see how he was to break his engagements.

Hugh ground his teeth in impotent rage when he reached the end of this disingenuous composition. He had been sitting in Margaret's room when the letter had been brought to him, and she guessed its purport at once from his face.

"He is not coming!" she exclaimed. "I know he is not coming!"

"Yes, yes; he will come. Oh, yes; he will come," answered Hugh soothingly. He glanced at the fire, wondering whether he could venture to toss the letter into the flames before she asked to see it; but she was too quick for him.

"Give it to me!" she exclaimed, excitedly; and he dared not refuse, lest he should increase her agitation.

A week had wrought a great change in Margaret. The little strength which she had had seemed suddenly to have deserted her, so that she could no longer even rise from her sofa without help, and she had become peevish and irritable for the first time in the course of her illness.

"He won't believe!" she cried despairingly, throwing down Philip's letter. "Oh, how dreadful it is! How could you be so cruel as to tell him there was hope, when you knew there was none?" And she covered her face with her hands, and burst into a fit of hysterical sobbing.

Hugh dropped on his knees beside her, and began quieting her with loving words; but she would not listen to him.

"What shall I do—oh, what shall I do?" she moaned. "It is too late now. I shall never see my boy again, and it is all your fault."

"Oh, hush, Margaret!" cried Hugh. "You don't think that."

"I do think it. You are cruel to me. You did not want him to come, because you knew I loved him best."

Poor Hugh got up without a word, walked to the writing-table, and scribbled off a telegram, which he presently brought to her to read. "See," said he; "I am going to send this at once, and he will be with you in a day or two."

Margaret glanced at the paper indifferently. "It is no use," she said; "he won't come. Please go away now, and I shall be better when you come back again."

Hugh went away and despatched his telegram; but it produced no result. Margaret was right. Philip never came. After a few days another letter arrived from him, in which he said plainly that, upon farther consideration, he had decided not to comply with Margaret's wish. He was sure she would agree with him that, under all the circumstances, he was better away. And then he repeated a good deal of what he had said before, and wound up by declaring that, while there was life, he, for his part, would never abandon hope.

It was in Margaret's presence, as before, that Hugh's daily batch of letters was delivered to him, and, as before, she asked to be shown the one which she knew was among them. Hugh handed it to her silently and not without trepidation; but he had no reason to fear any recurrence of her former outbreak, which indeed had been due as much to physical as to mental causes. She was calmer now, as well as more reduced in strength; and it was without any bitterness of intention that she said presently, —

"After all, I think Philip is right; he is better away."

Hugh looked at her with inquiring eyes; and she went on a little wistfully, "I should like to have seen him once more; but perhaps he knows best; certainly it would have been uncomfortable both for him and for Nellie if he had come. And it is always sad to say good-bye. Hugh, I am afraid I spoke very unkindly to you the other day."

"You didn't mean it, my dear. I quite understood. Don't trouble to think about that," answered Hugh, who, however, had been far more deeply wounded than he chose to show.

"No, I didn't mean it. Poor old Hugh! it was very hard upon you that you should have been worried for so many years with the vagaries of a woman; for you don't know how to treat women at all: you take them much too seriously. It is nearly over now, though. I wonder whether we shall ever meet again?"

"If I were not as certain of that as I am of my own existence, I would go and drown myself to-morrow!" cried Hugh, endeavoring, as many honest people do, to replace faith by vehemence of assertion.

"Ah, no! I have been a burden to you; and after a time you won't wish to have

your burden back again. It has been a great blunder."

"What has been a blunder?" Hugh asked.

"My life, I mean. And yet, if it were all to do over again, I should be just as weak, just as blind, and just as obstinate."

"In all your life," said Hugh, "you have done nothing to be ashamed of; and surely there can be very few people who can say that."

"But of course I can't say that. Even if I had nothing else to be ashamed of, it would be bad enough to have murmured and grumbled as I have done. My life has not been an unhappy one really. I had a few months of perfect, absolute happiness, and I have been very happy during the last twelve years too; only I have always had a silly kind of feeling that I ought not to acknowledge it. All my misfortunes have come upon me through my own fault; and in a sort of way I foresaw them. Everybody knows the result of being too indulgent. It is no new thing that has happened to me."

"All that you have thought of has been how to please those whom you loved," said Hugh; "and they have made use of you, and turned their backs upon you when they could make use of you no longer. That is no new thing, I suppose."

He knew that it grieved her to hear the absent spoken of in that tone; he knew that she reproached no one except herself, and that among the results of over-indulgence she had not meant to include ingratitude; but the pain and bitterness in his own heart were so great that he could not altogether conceal them.

He left her by-and-by, and went sadly down-stairs into the brilliant sunshine outside; and, as he wandered among the orange-groves, he thought over his own life, which also seemed to have been something of a blunder. He had devoted the best years of it to contemplation and pursuit of a vision; for the sake of this he had separated himself a good deal from other men; he had neglected to lay up resources for himself; he had become solitary, and now, on the downhill path, which might be a very long one, he was to be more solitary still. And meantime Margaret, too, had had her vision. That wholly unreal Jack Stanniforth whom she worshipped had stood between him and her from first to last, and, at the end of all, he had not even the poor satisfaction of thinking that she at all realized what his

love for her had been and was. Neither he nor she had seen the truth, or desired to see it; and so, in spite of all their friendship, they had remained at cross-purposes throughout. Perhaps there was nothing new in that either.

#### CHAPTER XXXIX.

##### LAST WORDS.

LONGBOURNE is once more possessed and inhabited by a Brune. Tom Stanniforth, on succeeding to the property, would gladly have made a free gift of it to his brother-in-law; but to this the latter would in no wise agree, and eventually a compromise was arrived at, Tom consenting to accept as purchase-money the balance of the sum paid by his father, after deducting that obtained from the Crayminster and Craybridge Railway, which, he said, he had at length become convinced was fairly due to the original owner of the soil. Mr. Brune shook his head over this arrangement, which he considered a very one-sided bargain; but Mrs. Tom Stanniforth is extremely angry if any one hints that her husband displayed generosity in the matter or deserves any credit, beyond that small amount which may be claimed by one who repairs, somewhat tardily, an act of flagrant injustice. She boasts, not without reason, that she has held but one and the same opinion upon the subject all her life; "and," says she, "the proof that I was right is, that Tom, who has the greatest contempt for my judgment in everything, has admitted it."

It may be that Mr. Stanniforth has a contempt for his wife's judgment, but it is certain that he never commits himself to any enterprise nowadays without consulting her; and there are people who say that the member for Blackport has sadly deteriorated since his marriage. As, however, these people belong to the class which thrives upon the credulity of the benevolent, their verdict need not be taken as conclusive. Mr. Stanniforth is not less benevolent than of yore, but he is a little less keen about legislating for the benefit of aggrieved sections of the community; and he is so very rich, so hard-working, and has so large a store of varied information and experience, that Nellie, who is ambitious, thinks his benevolence ought to be devoted to the service of his countrymen at large, and is determined that he shall be a cabinet minister before he dies. In the mean time, he is very well satisfied with his lot as an independent member, and is in no

great hurry to exchange it for the shackles of office.

Mrs. Winnington is still on the lookout for a house. Until she discovers one — and everybody knows the difficulty of finding a thoroughly suitable home, and how foolish it is to decide hastily in a matter of so much importance — she is compelled to yield reluctantly to the solicitations of her daughters, and to divide her time between Edith and Lady Travers. Longbourne, she says, is full of painful associations for her; but a sense of duty — which, after all, is your only true support in the midst of the trials and difficulties of life — enables her so far to overcome her feelings as to spend something very like six months of the year there.

Prosser remains among the fixtures at Longbourne, and rules Edith as she ruled her predecessor. She is not ill disposed toward her new mistress; though she is often heard to say, with a sigh, that "things is not what they was in poor dear Mrs. Stanniforth's time."

One day, not long ago, a travelling carriage, arriving from the direction of Genoa, drew up at the door of the principal hotel at Bordighera, and out of it stepped a stout, cheerful-looking lady and a remarkably handsome young man, who, while their luggage was being carried in, took occasion to inquire where the cemetery was situated. Presently they were seen to start on their way thither, the stout lady talking volubly, while the young man sauntered along beside her, smoking a cigarette, and not apparently paying much attention to her remarks.

"Poor thing!" the lady was saying. "I should like to have known her."

"You wouldn't have cared about her. She was not in your style at all. She was a quiet woman, who never spoke much, and who didn't get on easily with strangers."

"I should have liked her all the same," persisted Signora Tommasini (for by that name she is still known to the public, and her friends can never remember to call her anything else). "I should have liked her, because she was so fond of you and so kind to you. I wish you had gone to see her before she died."

"So do I now. At least I think I do. I remember that, at the time, my feeling was that I would rather die myself than go."

"I wish you had thought of coming here sooner," continued the signora.

"Why didn't you tell me to come, then? You know I invariably do as I am told."

"Except when you are inclined to do something else. I shall always think that, if you would have persevered, I should have made a great singer out of you some day."

"I am afraid even you would never have done that. But perhaps, upon the whole, it is quite as amusing and less troublesome to be a little singer. And, after all, 'What's the odds, so long as you're happy?'"

The signora burst into one of her jolly laughs, and said, "What, indeed?"

Then they both became silent and serious; for they had reached the cemetery. They soon found the white marble monument of which they were in search, and stood for some minutes looking at it. The flat stone was almost hidden by masses of cut flowers, which had evidently been placed there recently; and, as they went away, Philip had the curiosity to ask the old gravedigger at the gate who it was that had paid this graceful tribute to the memory of the English lady.

"Eh?" said he, with a jerk of his shoulders. "Who should it be? There is only one to do it."

"And who is that?" Philip asked.

Upon which the old man replied vaguely that it was "*quel signore che viene sempre*." "Do you not know him?" he went on. "He comes here once, and sometimes twice, every winter — a tall gentleman, with a long nose, who walks like this." And the old fellow thrust his head forward, stuck his hands in his pockets, and took two or three exaggeratedly long strides.

"By Jove! it's old General Kenyon," said Philip. "What born actors these people are! I say, I don't think it's much good our stopping here till to-morrow. Suppose we take the train on to Monaco?"

So Signor and Signora Marescalchi slept at Monte Carlo that night, and the former enjoyed an exciting evening at *trente et quarante*; for his wife allows him to lose a certain sum at the public tables, it having been agreed between them that he shall forswear all forms of private gambling.

"Everybody has his little vices," says the signora good-humoredly; "but I believe my husband has fewer than most men."

From The Contemporary Review.  
MRS. CARLYLE.

BY MRS. OLIPHANT.

"THOSE who live in glass houses," says the proverb, "should not throw stones." We do not make proverbs in the nineteenth century, but the temper of the age is such that we might well add to that injunction of experience, and beg for the sake of humanity, that those who have thrown stones with much efficacy and force in their lifetime, should make some arrangement before their death by which their executors and assignees should be prevented from placing a horrible palace of glass over their bones, at which every comer may be free to send a volley in his turn. The Carlyles — he in public, she in private — had a deep-rolling, universally effective artillery of their own, and used it without sparing, with many a resounding discharge and sharp ping of individual criticism — character, humor, dyspepsia, nerves, and perhaps nationality, having given to both of them a propensity to use sharp language, and speak forth, more freely than is usual, their opinion of their fellow-creatures. And perhaps it is not unjust, as human justice goes, that there should have been reserved for these two people a fate which would be ruefully comic, if it were not tragical. An exposure almost unexampled in the range of literature, of everything about them — their most private thoughts and feelings, their quarrels, faults, compunctions, their uneasy tempers, and unsatisfied and unsatisfiable wishes — all set forth in a sort of pale, electric light, so that every man he ever grazed, and all the multitudes who gaped at him and who are always glad to find out that the preacher before whom they are forced to tremble is after all a faulty mortal like themselves, might fling and spare not. This man, and the helpmeet, most meet for him, whose entire life has been turned outside in for our edification, were of natures such as bear ill to be exposed to unfriendly eyes. They were both of the order of those sword-like souls that wear out the scabbard. Life went on for them under very strange conditions. They were both entirely without that natural greatcoat, nay wall of defense, the tough skin with which most of us are endowed by nature. They had no skin to speak of upon their quivering nerves; they were full of cranks and whims and endless susceptibilities: they were without the wholesome balance of natural

cares — without children or any domestic argument against self-analysis and examination; without, too, — though they were unconscious of their exemption, — sorrows, or real misfortunes, to bring them to the solid footing of humanity. Of all people in the world to be exposed in more than nakedness to the common gaze, every crevice and corner of their house turned outside in, and the fiercest limelight, magnesium wire — whatever is most scathing and unsympathetic — a glare that would have driven them frantic, poured down upon them, they were the very last. And yet who shall say the last? Which of us could bear that pitiless revelation? To have all the secrets of our closest relationships laid bare, all the hasty words we have ever said, and repented, of those most dear to us; all the complaints and repinings that have burst from our lips when the burdens of life have been too many for us — all set forth that he who runs may read, which of us could bear it? Let him, or her, who has never been anything but amiable and just, never said an ill-advised word, never indulged a bitter thought, never fancied him or herself neglected, unappreciated, unloved, throw the first stone at the Carlyles. But for us and others who have by turns thought ourselves better than our fate, who have quarrelled and kissed again with tears, who have said a hundred things we would rather have left unsaid, who have sometimes called on heaven and earth to witness that the sun for us would never shine again, yet lived to see him as bright as ever — let us be thankful we are common persons, too little distinguished from the crowd to make our history important to the world, and not worth the while of any biographer of genius who might construct our lives into a tragedy, and betray every secret of our existence for the instruction of mankind.

Mrs. Carlyle, the writer of the letters now given to the world in three large volumes, following in the wake of four other large volumes — all given to the elucidation of a portion of the life of a great writer, to whom very few things ever happened — has had a cruel fate since the death of her husband deprived her of her last bulwark against that Nemesis known amongst men by the name of Froude. Her fate is all the harder that she has done nothing to deserve it. She narrated freely all the events of her life as they occurred, according to the humor of the moment, and the gift that was in her: which was a very rare and fine gift, but



one that naturally led to an instinctive seizing of all possible dramatic effects, and much humorous heightening of color and deepening of interest. Her power of story telling was extraordinary, as well as the whimsical humor that took hold of every ludicrous incident, and made out of a walk in the streets a whole amusing *Odyssey* of adventure; and it was one of the chief amusements of her house and her friends. What she thus did in speech she did also in her letters, with a vivacity and humor which lend something interesting even to the hundredth headache, domestic squabble, or house-cleaning recorded. But all this was for her friends; there is not the slightest evidence that she, at least, ever intended these narratives for the world. She was the proudest woman—as proud and tenacious of her dignity as a savage chief. And of all things in the world, to be placed on a pedestal before men as a domestic martyr, an unhappy wife, the victim of a harsh husband, is the last which she would have tolerated. As a matter of fact, her whole existence has been violated, every scrap of decent drapery torn from her, and herself exhibited as perhaps never modest and proud matron was before to the comments of the world. Carlyle himself rushed upon his fate by his will and choice, by foolish belief in the flattering suggestion that everything that concerned him must be interesting to the world, and by a misplaced and too boundless trust in the friends of his later life. But Mrs. Carlyle did nothing to lay herself open to this fate. She did not confide her reputation to Mr. Froude, or give him leave to unveil her inmost life according to his own interpretation of it: and it is thus doubly hard upon her that she should have been made to play the part of heroine in the tragedy which his pictorial and artistic instincts have made out of his master's life.

It would be vain now to attempt to set this injured and outraged woman right with the world in respect of the earlier portion of her life, to which the biographer of her husband has given the turn that pleased him, under the almost, if not altogether, unanimous protest of all who knew her, but quite to the satisfaction of the crowd who did not, and to whom, indeed, such a fine conventional example of the hard fate of the wife of a man of genius was, perhaps, never afforded before. We may, perhaps, be permitted, however, to say, though with little hope of convincing any reader unacquainted with the class

to which Mrs. Carlyle belonged, or either traditionally or personally with the Scotland of her time, that the assumption upon which Mr. Froude goes, of her immeasurable social superiority, and the tremendous descent she made in becoming the housekeeper and almost the domestic servant of her husband, is a mistake and misconception of the most fundamental kind. It has, indeed, the justification of Carlyle's own magniloquent description: "From birth upward she had lived in opulence:" repeated in these volumes; but then Carlyle described his little house in Chelsea as made into a sort of palace by her exertions, which Mr. Froude and all his friends are aware was a good deal more than the fact. The "opulence" of the country doctor's daughter was something of the same kind. Modest comfort, even luxury in a sober way, the highest estimation, and all the petting and pleasures that an only beloved child could be surrounded with, she no doubt had. But life in Haddington in the first quarter of this century was not like life in South Kensington in the present day. The woman's share of the world's work was very distinct, and was despised by no one. There is no evidence that Dr. Welsh was ever rich—so far, indeed, is the evidence against this, that his daughter had to make over the little property of Craigenputtock, in order to secure her mother's independence, leaving herself penniless. But even had she been left with a *dot* proportioned to her position, and had she married one of her father's assistants, or a neighboring minister—her natural fate—there is no reason to suppose that she would have been much more elevated above the cares of common life than she was as the wife of Thomas Carlyle. In such a case, she would have begun her housekeeping with one maid-of-all-work, and all the affairs of the house to overlook and aid in, just as she did in reality. A more placid husband would no doubt have diminished her cares, and a more considerate one would have lightened the burden of them; but when we have said that we have said all. The primitive offices of life, the making, mending, cleaning, cooking (which we dare to challenge Mr. Froude no true woman, even in South Kensington, and at this day, would allow to be ignoble or unworthy, or would not in her secret heart find ideally fit, when exercised for those she loved), at which we are asked to hold up our hands in horror, were nothing extraordinary, nothing to be dismayed at, to

Dr. Welsh's daughter. When the worry and harass broke down her impatient, sensitive spirit, and fatigued her never very strong physical frame, she darted forth by times a complaint, as most of us do, of our fate, now and then, whatever that fate may be; but only not with that voice of genius which makes the complaint worth remembering. But in reality there would have been just as much to do in a moorland manse as in Craigenputtock; and if the minister had been cranky, like Carlyle, just as much to put up with. The wife of the Rev. Amos Barton was still less well off. The present writer, though of a later generation than Mrs. Carlyle, was trained to believe that a woman should be able to "turn her hand" to any domestic duty that might be necessary. And the pathetic picture of an elegant young lady descending from her elevated sphere to make the bread, and even to mend the trousers of her husband, which has touched the sympathetic public to such indignation, is ludicrous to those to whom the fact of both positions is known.

This, however, is by the way, a protest which we cannot deny ourselves. It is too late to return upon that branch of the subject. The volumes before us begin with the life of the Carlyles in London, when the pair settled down there in the same small house, trim and neat and not unlovely, in which they spent all the rest of their lives. Mrs. Carlyle was at this time thirty-three, at the very height and prime of life, fully developed in mind, with no diminution of beauty or high spirits, notwithstanding the loneliness of Craigenputtock and the early struggles of poverty: a woman of genius scarcely inferior to that of her husband, of observation far more lively and keen, of whimsical humor, and a gift of self-revelation as rare as it is delightful. Her account of what she saw and heard and did, if it were only an encounter with a washerwoman, or a tramp, would keep half-a-dozen men of letters — the best of their time, Mill, Darwin, Forster, many more — in delighted attention. She saw nothing that she did not extract some interest out of, some gleam of reflection or sparkle of discovery. Charitable she was not, at least in words, but tender, sympathetic, pitiful to the bottom of her heart. To see her coax and subdue a semi-madman out of his misery, making him in the very jaws of hell "pass an agreeable evening," and cultivate the small gifts of the little "peasewep" of a plaintive child-servant, and at

the same time pronounce sharp judgment on the bores that troubled her, and keenly characterize in a few contemptuous, amusing words even the old friends for whom she had at bottom a kind of regard, places at once before us the paradox of the woman, full of intolerance and patience, of kindness, irritability, quick anger, love, enthusiasm, cynicism — all the most opposed and antagonistic qualities. It was this that made her so full of interest, so amusing and delightful, if sometimes also a puzzle and pain to her hearers, who could not see in this infinite variety of moods the very essence of her being, and concluded her to be permanently possessed by the last variation of feeling in which she had written and spoken. Here we have her in all the variety of these changing dispositions, making everything brilliant, lifelike, interesting that her hand touches, feeling intensely whatever that mood dictated, yet changing in the twinkling of an eye from one to another. Haddington is hateful to her — a place to be abandoned at all hazards: yet with what exquisite pathos and tenderness does she tell the story of her return *incognita* to visit the old home of her youth! Her heart melts altogether when she is taken into the kind arms of her old friends there: yet even with the tear in her eyes, she is caught by a sudden sense of the ludicrous and shoots forth her sharp-pointed arrow of laughter in the midst of her weeping. She describes it as a mark of her heavenly temper on one occasion that her mother and she had been a few days together without quarrelling, then deifies that mother, and weeps her loss with almost tragic passion. Thus she goes on through all her life at Cheyne Row; by times the tenderest mother-mistress to her servants; by times an indignant fury, sweeping them forth before her. Monotony, one would say, was the sole thing she could not endure. Her house-cleanings, even, are a drama; her nervous illnesses run through every note of the gamut, from keen self-ridicule to lyrical strains of despair. And to come to the central interest of her life — that one in which she has been most severely judged, and, we think, most cruelly belied — she is at one moment never so happy as when her husband is out of the house, at the next overwhelmed with anguish because the post has not brought her the longed-for letter, and filled with all the exasperation of a disappointed lover, when a newspaper arrives as a sign of his welfare, instead of the communication for

which she thirsts; at one moment making us the most amusing semi-bitter, (if not altogether bitter) sketch of him, the restless and never satisfied, stalking about the house all night long because the cocks will crow and the dogs bark, always in the valley of the shadow of some piece of terrible work or other. But when we turn the page we find her chattering to her Good (masculine of Goody, her pet name, one of the love-titles of that little language which we all in our foolish days resort to) of everything in heaven and earth, with a hundred little phrases which he has to explain, and of which he and she alone knew the meaning — idioms of Italian, Mazzini, fussy speeches of brother John, the proverbs of the house — supplying what he evidently desires before all things, her own intimate brilliant comment upon all that happened, with now and then a word of love, reticent, delicate, worth volumes of endearments. We confess for our own part that the manner of mind which can deduce from this long autobiography an idea injurious to the perfect union of these two kindred souls is to us incomprehensible. They tormented each other, but not half so much as each tormented him and herself; they were too like each other, suffering in the same way from nerves disordered and digestion impaired, and excessive self-consciousness, and the absence of all other objects in their life. They were, in the fullest sense of the word, everything to each other — both good and evil, sole comforters, chief tormenters. "Ill to hae but waur to want," says the proverb, which must have been framed in view of some such exaggerated pair; perhaps since the proverb is Scotch the condition of mind may be a national one. Sometimes Carlyle was "ill to have," but it is abundantly evident that he was "waur to want," — *i.e.*, to be without — to his wife. To him, though he wounded her in a hundred small matters, there is no evidence that she was ever anything else than the most desirable of women, understood and acknowledged as the setter-right of all things, the providence and first authority of life.

If these two remarkable people had been, like others, allowed without any theory to tell their own story, and express their own sentiments, what we should now do would be to give our readers a glimpse, tranquilly, of the domestic economy of that little house, of which its mistress was justly proud, as a triumph of her own exertions, and its master somewhat grandilo-

quent upon, as something in itself more beautiful and remarkable than any house in Cheyne Row could ever be. We would tell them of her tea-parties, her evening visitors, of the little peaswep of a maid who insisted upon bringing up four tea-cups every evening, while Mrs. Carlyle and her mother were alone in the house, with a conviction, never disappointed, that "the gentlemen" would drop in to use them; of how she bought her sofa, and adapted an old mattress to it, and made a cover for it, and so procured this comfort, at the small cost of one pound, out of her own private pocket; of how the cocks and hens next door, and the dog that would bark, and even the piano on the other side of the party-wall, were "written down" by appeals to the magnanimity of the owners, on behalf of the unfortunate man of genius who could not get his books written, or even by bribes cleverly administered when persuasion and reason both failed. The pages teem with domestic incidents in every kind of ornamental setting, all told with such an unflinching life and grace, that, had the facts themselves been of the first importance, they could not have charmed us more; and we do not grudge the three big volumes so filled, in which there is not from beginning to end an event more important than new painting and papering, new maid-servants, an illness, or an expedition. But as circumstances stand, the reader is not sufficiently easy in his mind to be content with these, but has been so fretted and troubled by Mr. Froude and his theories, and the determination which molds all that gentleman's thoughts to make out that Carlyle was a sort of plowman-despot, and his wife an unwilling and resentful slave, that we must proceed first to find foundations for the house, of which we know more in all its details than perhaps of any house that has been built and furnished in this century. Was it founded on the rock of love and true union, or was it a mere four walls, no home at all, in which the rude master made his thrall labor for him, and crushed her delicate nature in return?

The only way to come to any conclusion on this point is to see what she herself says. "God keep you, my own dear husband," she says (the first absence we find recorded), "and bring you safe back to me. The house looks very empty without you, and my mind feels empty too." "I expect with impatience the letter that is to fix your return." "Your letter has just come," she says another time; "I

thank you for never neglecting me. Dearest, the postman presented me with your letter to-night in Cheyne Walk, with a bow extraordinary. He is a jewel of a postman; whenever he has put a letter from you into the box, he both knocks and rings, that not a moment may be lost in taking possession of it." "Thanks for your constant little letters: when you come back I do not know how I shall learn to do without them; they have come to be as necessary as any part of my daily bread." On her part she is distressed beyond measure when by accident of posts or importunity of visitors there is any breach in the constant succession of her letters to him, fearing he will be "vaixed" (Scottish, distressed, not angered), and will write him a scrap, to "keep your mind easy by telling you that I have a headache," lest he should think there was something worse that she did not tell. How provoked is she when brother John (untidy, fussy person, turning her orderly rooms into chaos, "born in creaking boots") announces his arrival before her husband's return. "I had set my heart on your hanselling the clean house yourself, and that there would have been a few days in peace to inspect its curiosities and niceties before he came plunging in. . . . Howsomdever! only when you come I shall insist on going into some room with you, and locking the door till we have had a quiet, comfortable talk about 'Time and Space,' untormented by his blether." Then there is a little matter of a birthday recollection, which runs lightly through many pages, and culminates in such a letter as is in itself enough for our purpose. Carlyle had known nothing about birthdays, the large rustic family to which he belonged being altogether out of the way of such delicacies; which, indeed, were little enough thought of in the somewhat sternly mannered Scotland of his time. But with the instinct of the heart he had divined (the ill-tempered tyrant!) that the first birthday after her mother's death his Jane would miss one tender, habitual greeting. He "who dislikes nothing in the world so much as going into a shop to buy anything," "actually risked himself" on this occasion in uncouth tenderness. "I cannot tell how *wae* his little gift made me as well as glad," she writes to another correspondent; "it was the first thing of the kind he ever gave me in his life. In great matters he is always kind and considerate, but these little attentions, which we women attach so much importance to,

he was never in the habit of rendering to any one. And now the desire he has to replace the irreplaceable makes him as good in little things as he used to be in great." There is a great deal more about this, which throws much light upon their relations. On one occasion, she being absent on a succession of visits, he asks where she is to be on this anniversary. "My dear, in what view do you ask," she says; "to send me something? Now, I positively forbid you to send me anything but a letter, with your blessing. It is a positive worry for you, the buying of things. And what is the chief pleasure of a birthday present? Simply that it is evidence of one's birthday being remembered; and now I know, without any birthday present, that you have been thinking of it, my poor Good, for ever so long before. So write me a longer letter than usual, and leave presents to those whose affection stands more in need of vulgar demonstration than yours." But this harsh husband, this thoughtless and gloomy despot, paid no attention to the tender prohibition. "Oh, my darling," she writes a few days after, "I want to give you an emphatic kiss rather than to write. But you are at Chelsea, and I at Seaforth, so the thing is clearly impossible for the moment. But I will keep it for you till I come, for it is not with words that I can thank you adequately for that kindest of birthday letters and its small inclosure. I cried over it, and I laughed over it, and could not sufficiently admire the graceful idea — an idea which might come under the category of what Cavagnac used to call *idées de femme*, supposed to be unattainable by the coarser sex." The climax of all is in the following letter, which in the point of view of an unhappy marriage — love worn out on one side, never existent on the other — is as unaccountable, we should imagine, as any undiscovered hieroglyphic ever was:

SEAFORTH, Tuesday, July 14, 1846.

Oh, my dear husband, fortune has played me such a cruel trick this day! and I do not even feel any resentment against fortune for the suffocating misery of the last two hours. But you shall know how it was.

Not a line from you on my birthday, the postmistress averred! I did not burst out crying, did not faint, did not do anything absurd so far as I know; but I walked back again without speaking a word, and with such a tumult of wretchedness in my heart as you, who know me, can conceive; and then I shut myself in my own room to fancy everything that was most tormenting. Were you finally so out of patience with me that you had re-

solved to write to me no more at all? Had you gone to Addiscombe, and found no leisure there to remember my existence? Were you taken ill, so that you could not write? That last idea made me mad to get off to the railway and back to London. Oh mercy, what a two hours I had of it!

And just when I was at my wits' end I heard Julia crying through the house: "Mrs. Carlyle, Mrs. Carlyle! are you there? Here is a letter for you!"

And so there was after all! The postmistress had overlooked it, and had given it to Robert when he went afterward, not knowing we had been. I wonder what love-letter was ever received with such thankfulness. Oh, my dear! I am not fit for living in the world with this organization. I am as much broken to pieces by this little accident as if I had come through an attack of cholera or typhus fever; I cannot even steady my hand to write decently. But I felt an irresistible need of thanking you by return of post. Yes, I have kissed the dear little card-case; and now I will lie down awhile and try to get some sleep, at least to quiet myself. I will try to believe—oh, why cannot I believe it once for all—that with all my faults and follies I am "dearer to you than any earthly creature."

Your own,  
J. C.

Many a sober matron of forty-five, who has never doubted of her husband's love or her own, will read this letter with a smile and a sigh. How to preserve this love passion, this absorption in one object, and lover-like dependence on his love, through all the calming influences of serious years! Most of us have been trained (*pace* Mr. Froude) in a harder school, taught to believe it a very simple matter that our birthday might be forgotten, nothing to faint or weep or be miserable about; a small piece of neglect, perhaps, to be remedied by next post, and no harm done; perhaps to be thought of weeks after with a calm "I am sorry I forgot," perhaps not even so much as that. How many women in the world, more than twenty years married and long past the period of passion, would think of it at all? The misery, the transport, are all out of the common lines of life. So was she, it may be said; but who shall tell us, after this, either that she was a loveless wife, or that her husband was a selfish tyrant to her? She was not a happy woman, and never could have been so in any circumstances, unless, indeed, we may believe (which is a perfectly tenable argument) that the rapture of the reassurance was enough to counterbalance the anguish that preceded it. With persons of excessively keen susceptibilities

this is often so, but in such a case they have no just claim upon our pity, since they have compensation for what they suffer. And we doubt whether any individual gifted with this organization would be content to exchange it for the more placid temperament which, if it suffers less, enjoys less also.

Before we leave this branch of the subject we may quote one letter of this terribly ill-used wife to her husband's mother, showing with what feelings she regarded her own fate. It was written as a postscript to his letter announcing his return home after a visit to his family:—

MY DEAR MOTHER, — You know the saying "It is not lost that a friend gets," and in the present case it must comfort you for losing him. Moreover, you have others behind, and I have only him, only him in the whole wide world to love me and take care of me, poor little wretch that I am. Not but that numbers of people love me after their fashion far more than I deserve, but then his fashion is so different from all these, and seems alone to suit the crochety creature that I am. Thank you then for having in the first place been kind enough to produce him into this world, and for having in the second place made him scholar enough to recognize my various excellences; and for having in the last place sent him back to me again to stand by me in this cruel east wind.

Carlyle himself did not suffer from any doubts of his wife's love for him (being unenlightened by Mr. Froude on this subject) and did not suffer as she did from those horrible clouds of unbelief. It is not, perhaps, the way in which a man is apt to torment himself, since we can remember no instance on record except De Musset's "*Enfant du Siècle*," in whom the frenzy of doubt becomes somewhat contemptible from reiteration. But though he did not suffer with her in this respect, they had an abundance of other miseries in common. Both of them were driven frantic at night by those external sounds which most of us are hardened to endure. When she was at home, her susceptibility was diverted from herself into the horror of hearing her husband's sudden stamp overhead, and wild rampage through the sleeping house, or declaration (if it was the daytime) that he could neither "think nor live" while the noise went on, both things so necessary to be done. But when she was alone she was herself every whit as susceptible, found *that dog* something unendurable, and was afflicted, while on a visit, almost to madness, by the voice of an ass, more



portentous even than Peter Bell's, which she describes with a vehemence half mocking yet wholly real, and the most whimsical exaggerations; which, however, were not exaggerations to either of them, so much were they at the mercy of their sensations. The curious household it was! the one maidservant down-stairs — too often changed, yet, whenever it was possible, made into an affectionate friend, kissing her mistress vehemently after a separation, humored and quoted when she happened to have anything original in her, scorned and vituperated when there was no human response: the mistress, whether up on a ladder arranging her curtains, or down on her knees nailing the carpet, or lying on a sofa with one of the many nervous ills that flesh is heir to, in all but the most desperate circumstances, and even sometimes in these, carrying on her bright life-narrative, brilliant, caustic, never to be calculated upon what next she might do or say: the husband laboring heavily through his work, trying every room in succession, finding everything unsatisfactory. A wonderful northern-Gothic couple, blazing off into thunder and lightning of fierce sudden wrangle, with volleys of rolling words, far too mighty for the occasion, fire and flame and the smoke of battle, and laughter ringing through. No wonder that people misunderstood them. It is so easy to misunderstand; and perhaps difficult for a gentleman of chastened politeness and the habits of the best society, to make out, even with the help of genius, what was the meaning of it all.

Amid all the carpet-laying, paper-hanging, and so forth, there was an abundant supply of fine company in the little Chelsea house. "I had some private misgivings that your men would not mind (Anglicè, remember) me when you were not here, and I should have been mortified in that case, though I could not have blamed them. But it is quite the reverse," she writes. At one terrible height of domestic misfortune, after she had gaily "swept the parlor, brushed the grate," etc., her mother cheerfully aiding, the two ladies received John Mill, Sterling, Count Pepoli, and various other notables to tea, Mrs. Welsh, the country lady, thinking not much of any of them, except the Italian, who pleased her. Mazzini and Darwin, two of the closest circle of intimates, sometimes even bored the object of their friendship and admiration. She found them one evening "mortally stupid." Then there is a bishop discreetly (for once

in a way, with a prudence to which we begin to be unaccustomed in biography) disguised in a — and who is profanely called by the Carlyles "Cuittikins," a Scotch adaptation of Gaiters, who is an infliction almost beyond bearing. One night, suddenly, Alfred Tennyson appears, and that is an honor! but alas! there was Dr. John already there, and excellent Professor Craik, both of them it may easily be supposed too happy to meet the poet. "Craik prosed and John babbled for his entertainment, and I, whom he had come to see, got scarcely any speech of him." "The exertion, however," she adds, "of having to provide him with tea, through my own unassisted ingenuity (Helen being gone for the evening), drove away my headache, also perhaps a little feminine vanity at having inspired such a man with the energy to take a cab on his own responsibility and to throw himself on Providence for getting away again." The Sterlings, as a family, both sons and the father, the old Jupiter of the *Times*, were devoted friends and servants, the elder man making a sort of fatherly claim upon her services. And if, perhaps, she was invited to some great houses, naturally enough, not for herself but as her husband's wife, there were scarcely any of his most prized associates who did not very soon distinguish and identify the second member of that co-partnership, bringing to her often their secrets and troubles, and always their cordial brotherhood. Certainly anything less like effacement or absorption in a greater could not be. She had to talk so much, she declares, on some of these evenings, that she was good for nothing next morning. And she had no respect for anybody, she who found Darwin "mortally dull" on occasion. When she went to see those theatricals which opened a kind of new career to Dickens, revealing, as every one has said, his wonderful gift for dramatic representations, her opinion was different from the judgment of the world.

"How did the creatures get through it?" Too well and not well enough. The public theatre, the scenes painted by Stansfield, costumes "rather exquisite," together with a certain amount of proficiency in the amateurs, overlaid all idea of private theatricals; and considering it as public theatricals, the acting was most insipid, not one performer among them that could be called good, and none that could be called absolutely bad. Douglas Jerrold seemed to me the best, the oddity of his appearance greatly helping him. Forster as

Kitely, and Dickens as Captain Bobadil, were much on a par; but Forster preserved his identity even through the loftiest flights of Macreadyism, while poor little Dickens all painted in black and red, and affecting the voice of a man of six feet, would have been unrecognizable by the mother that bore him. On the whole, to get up the smallest interest in the thing one needed to be always reminding one's self "all these actors were once men," and will be men again to-morrow morning.

There are times, however, when this keen-sighted critic, so independent and outspoken in her judgment, is touched by an enthusiasm which overmasters her. And of all persons in the world to have this effect upon her, Father Matthew was the man. She makes a long pilgrimage in an omnibus "to Mile End," wherever that may be, and penetrates with beating heart through the audience, "thousands of people all hushed into awful silence," until she reaches with her companion the neighborhood of the priest and apostle.

He made me sit down on the only chair a moment: then took me by the hand as if I had been a little girl, and led me to the front of the scaffold to see him administer the pledge. From a hundred to two hundred took it, and all the tragedies and theatrical representations I ever saw melted into one, could not have given me such emotions as that scene did. There were faces both of men and women that will haunt me while I live, faces exhibiting such concentrated wretchedness, making, you would have said, its last deadly struggle with the powers of darkness. . . . And in the face of Father Matthew, when one looked from them to him, the mercy of heaven seemed to be laid bare. . . . I was turning sick and needed to get out of the thing, but in the act of leaving him—never to see him again through all time, most probably—feeling him to be the very best man of modern times (you excepted), I had another moment of youthful enthusiasm which you will hold up your hands and eyes at. Did I take the pledge then? No; but I would have though, if I had not feared it would be put in the newspapers. No, not that: but I drew him aside, having considered if I had any ring on, any handkerchief, anything that I could leave with him in remembrance of me; and having bethought myself of a pretty memorandum-book in my reticule, put it into his hand and bade him keep it for my sake, and asked him to give me one of his medals to keep for his! And all this in tears and in the utmost agitation. Had you any idea that your wife was still such a fool? I am sure I had not. The Father got through the thing admirably. He seemed to understand what it all meant quite well, inarticulate though I was. He would not give me a common medal, but took a little silver one from the neck of a young man who had just taken the pledge for example's sake, telling him he

would get him another presently, and laid the medal in my hand with a solemn blessing. I could not speak for excitement all the way home. When I went to bed I could not sleep, the pale faces I had seen haunted me, and Father Matthew's smile; and even next morning I could not anyhow subside into my normal state until I had sat down and written Father Matthew a long letter, accompanying it with your "Past and Present." Now, dear, if you are ready to beat me for a distracted gomeril, I cannot help it. All that it was put into my heart to do. *Ich konnte nicht anders.*

This capacity for generous enthusiasm had seldom such large utterance in her. With her constant caustic, sharp-biting criticism, her indisposition to run in the rut of ordinary opinions, her jibes and satirical vein, it is strange indeed to see her so entirely mastered by her emotion. But upon this point of high philanthropy she was always approachable. She was the confidante in general of people in trouble, and when there was somebody to be helped out of the fearful pit and miry clay, whether a poor maidservant tempted by drink, or friend on the brink of despair, would spare no pains upon the work, though making little pretence to charity in deed, and still less to charity in speech. As we are about it we may add another instance of this little appreciated side of Mrs. Carlyle's character, the fervid sympathetic—in which her enthusiasm finds a vent in so characteristic, so delightful and womanly a way (though sadly against Mr. Froude's theory), that we cannot refuse ourselves the pleasure of quoting it. She had been taken by Mr. W. E. Forster to a meeting at Bradford "for Roman liberty," whatever that may mean: and found the Bradford gentlemen, "like Ben Stodart's legs, no great things," but "the Bradford men, who filled the hall to suffocation, a sight to see!"

And I must tell you "I aye thought mickle o' you," but that night "I thought mair o' you than ever." A man of the people mounted the platform and spoke: a youngish intelligent-looking man, who alone of all the speakers seemed to understand the question, and to have feelings as well as notions about it. He spoke with a heart eloquence that "left me warm." I never was more affected by public speaking. When he ceased I did not throw myself on his neck and swear everlasting friendship; but I assure you it was in putting constraint on myself that I merely started to my feet and shook hands with him. Then "a sudden thought" struck me. This man would like to know you; I would give him my address in London. I borrowed a pencil and piece of paper and handed him my address.

When he looked at it he started as if I had sent a bullet into him, caught my hand again, almost squeezed it into "immortal squash," and said: "Oh, it is your husband! Mr. Carlyle has been my teacher and master, I have owed everything to him for years and years." I felt it a credit to you to have had a hand in turning out this man: was prouder of that heart-tribute to your genius than any amount of reviewer-praises or aristocratic invitations to dinner.

That the wife, and such a wife, should think of this supreme reward for the speaker who pleased her, "This man would like to know you," is pretty, as Carlyle himself would have said; so pretty that it makes the heart swell with sympathetic emotion.

Space fails us, however, for all the extracts which we are tempted to make. If Carlyle, in the remorseful misery that seized upon him (in some great measure unnecessarily, in our opinion), had not felt every scrap from her hands to be precious, his judgment, no doubt, would have curtailed a great deal that we find here of the domestic economy of Cheyne Row. We need not have had all the vicissitudes attending all the maids, nor all the house-cleanings, nor in such full detail those nervous sufferings which laid her prostrate and the remedies she took to ameliorate her state—all quite natural and befitting as addressed to correspondents, all of whom had the interest of kindred or the most intimate friendship in everything that concerned her, but unnecessary here. Notwithstanding these repetitions, there is not a dull page in the book: but it would have been more perfect without them. And it is, perhaps, the polemics that have arisen about the history of this pair that make us seek the passages that concern their mutual relations rather than the many independent pictures of the most vivid kind in which these home scenes are set, and which are better adapted for the public eye. There would not be, for example, a more effective picture than that of the rural rectory at which she visited one memorable August, the home of the youngest of the Bulls, an "utterly stupid, somnolent reverend incumbent," according to Carlyle's usual mode of description. The household seems to have been a strange enough one. The father and mother accomplished people of the world, of little, or any religious belief; the son one of those parsons, of a school that is happily almost extinct, to whom the routine of their office suffices. Here is the Sleepy Hollow of a place, in

the haze of the August heat and sunshine:—

It stands in the midst of green fields and fine tall trees; with the church (if such a dilapidated old building can be called a church) within a bowshot of it. Around the church is a little quiet-looking churchyard, which, when the sun is shining on it, does not look sad. A footpath, about half a yard wide and overgrown with grass and strewn with fallen apples, cuts across the bit of green field between the church and the rectory, and being the only road to the church, one may infer from it several things: I went into the church last night with Reginald while Mrs. Buller was having her dinner; and when I looked at *him* and at *it*, and thought of the four hundred and fifty living souls who were to be saved by such means, I could almost have burst into tears. Anything so like the burial-place of revealed religion you have never seen, nor a rector more fit to read its burial service. The church bell rings night and morning with a plaintive clang. I asked was it for prayers. "No; it was to warn the gleaners that it was their time to go out and come in." . . . I feel already quite at home and almost wishing you were rector of Troston; what a blessed exchange would it be for those poor people whom I hear at this moment singing feckless psalms! I could almost find it in my heart to run over to the old tower and give them a word of admonition myself. . . . The service went off quite respectably; it is wonderful how little faculty is needed for saying prayers perfectly well! But when we came to the sermon! greater nonsense I have often enough listened to,—for, in fact, the sermon, Mrs. Buller with her usual sincerity informed me before I went, "was none of his; he had scraped together as many by other people as would serve him for years, which was much better for the congregation;" but he delivered it as daft Mr. Hamilton used to read the newspaper, with a noble disdain of anything in the nature of a stop, pausing just when he needed breath at the end of a sentence or in the middle of a word, as it happened. . . . And this was the Gospel of Jesus Christ I was hearing—made into something worse than the cawing of rooks.

The woman who speaks thus, evidently bad enough of Scotch feeling about her to object to the game of chess which concluded the Sunday evening; "decidedly improper, but I could not refuse," she says.

Among these, and many more sketches, the description of her first going to Haddington *incognita*, is the one perhaps which will most touch the heart of the reader. Twenty-three years after she had left the home of her youth, her mother being dead in the mean time, and all her early life disappeared like the mists, although still some dear friends remained,

and many inhabitants of the place cast wistful looks at her, divining a personality they knew, she arrived suddenly in a July afternoon at the George Inn, "alone amid the silence of death," coming apparently to see whether she could bear it before she made herself known to her old friends.

I sat down quite composedly at a window, and looked up the street toward our old house. It was the same street, the same houses, but so silent, dead, petrified. It looked the old place just as I had seen it at Chelsea in my dreams, only more dream-like. Having exhausted that outlook, I rang my bell, and told the silent landlord to bring tea and take orders about my bedroom. The tea swallowed down, I notified my wish to view "the old church there," and the keeper of the keys was immediately fetched in. In my part of stranger in search of picturesque, I let myself be shown the way which I knew every inch of; shown the schoolhouse, where myself had been bred; the playground, the "boolin' green," and so on to the churchyard, which, as soon as my guide had unlocked for me, I told him he might wait there, I needed him no further. The churchyard had become very full of graves: within the ruins were two smartly got-up tombs. His (her father's) looked old, old, was surrounded by nettles, the inscription all over moss, except two lines which had been quite recently cleared — by whom? Who had been there before me, caring for his tomb after twenty-nine years? The old ruin knew, and would not tell me. That place felt the very centre of eternal silence — silence and sadness world without end! When I returned, the sexton, or whatever he was, asked, "Would I not walk through the church?" I said yes, and he led the way, but without playing the cicerone any more; he had become pretty sure there was no need. Our pew looked to have never been new lined since we occupied it; the green cloth was become all but white from age. I looked at it in the dim twilight, till I almost fancied that I saw my beautiful mother in her old corner, and myself a bright-looking girl in the other. It was time to "come out of that!" Meaning to return to the churchyard in the morning to clear the moss from the inscription, I asked my conductor where he lived — with his key. "Next door to the house that was Dr. Welsh's," he answered, with a sharp glance at my face; then added gently, "Excuse me, me'm, for mentioning that, but the minute I set eyes on you at the George, I jaloused it was her we all looked after whenever she went up or down.

She went then in the lingering Scotch twilight to the front of the house in which her old friends lived, and wondered what they would think did they know of her presence there, and longed but feared to enter: then kissing the familiar gate, went back to her inn in silence, "the si-

lentest inn on the planet, nothing stirring." In this stillness she wrote to her husband, then in Ireland, but as her letter was "all about feelings," she tore it up in the morning when, before the world was awake, she was up and out again, looking wistfully at the closed and sleeping house which had been her home: then took her way to the churchyard, where, impatient of waiting, the slim, light creature, a girl still, though she was approaching fifty, climbed the wall rather than wait for the key, feeling herself to breathe freer there "with the bright morning sunshine streaming down upon it, then near that so-called habitation of the living," the doctor's old house: where "it was difficult to me to realize to myself that the people inside were only asleep, and not dead — dead since many years." In the churchyard she found the names which, it had struck her painfully, had disappeared from the signboards.

It was strange the feeling of almost glad recognition that came over me in finding so many familiar figures out of my childhood and youth all gathered together in one place; but still more interesting for me than these later graves were two that I remember to have wept little innocent tears over before I had a conception what real weeping meant — the grave of the little girl who was burnt to death while drying her white muslin frock at the fire; and that of the young officer (Rutherford) who was shot in a duel. The oval tablet of white marble over the little girl's grave was as bright and spotless as on the first day — as emblematic of the child's existence it commemorated; it seemed to my somewhat excited imagination that the youthfulness and innocence there buried had impregnated the marble to keep it snow-white forever.

There she now lies in her turn, by her father's side, restored to him in death, though one grudges to think so far apart and separated from him who was the companion of her life.

How she ventured at last to the house of the old ladies whom she loved, and was recognized by them; how the town woke up to recognize her, and the old servant Jamie knew her before he saw her. "Then you were told it was me?" "No; they told us just we was to speak to a lady at the George, and I knew it was Mrs. Carlyle." "But how could you tell, dear Jamie?" "Hoots, who else could it be?" There could not be a more pathetic story, though all so simple. The little town so still, the schoolroom door open in the early brightness of the new-born day, showing her the place where

"at seven in the morning James Brown found me asleep after two hours' hard study, asleep between the leaves of the great Atlas;" the houses all shut up, but gradually awakening to life and knowledge. She went back frequently afterward, visiting her old friends, and recognized by everybody, and gradually the pathos and the wonder died away.

In Edinburgh, there were aunts, loved, but gently caricatured, and Betty — Betty, the beloved servant-woman of old, to whom she was always the "dear bairn," whom she sent the writer once to see in a little roadside hamlet out of Edinburgh, an old woman with a still, wise face that had seen many a sorrow, in the still, little room, with its spark of fire, and the house door which admitted straight into it open to the summer air. Is she there still, one wonders, in her close cap and gray gown, and patient gravity and love? There seems no reason why such an example of the antique world should ever die. She outlived her mistress, her "bairn," at least, so far as our recollection goes.

This sweet and tender picture it would be well to end upon: but in the painful circumstances of the case it will not be for such touching episodes as this that reviewers or critics will look, but for something that will throw light upon the canker of this woman's life, so full of impassioned feeling as she was. And such passages will not be far to seek. The canker was chiefly in herself — in the self-tormenting faculty which never existed in greater perfection in any woman, though that is saying much. Those keen and passionate souls each with the sharp two-edged sword of speech, cutting this way and that, each so intolerant, so impatient, so incapable of endurance, all nerves and sensation, and nothing but themselves to try their spirits — would they have been better apart, each perhaps sheathed in the silky tissues of a milder and softer nature? We doubt it much. The milder partner would have bored them both, whereas in swift change of mood, in infinite variety, in passions of misery and recovered happiness, there was no weariness. "I am always wondering," she says, after one of her bad moments, "how I can, even in my angriest mood, talk about leaving you for good and all; for to be sure were I to leave you to-day on that principle, I should need absolutely to go back to-morrow to see how you were taking it!" Most true and certain! There were times when they could with difficulty

live together; and yet there was never a time when they could have done without each other. It was always "Ill to hae, but waur to want."

We must, however, before leaving this publication, do what is odious to us if it were not necessary, and that is, call the attention of our reader to what we cannot call less than a deliberate outrage upon a helpless dead woman, with neither son nor champion to stand up for her. These volumes were announced as prepared for publication by Carlyle himself, and so they were in great part, with many interjected notes which we can scarcely call less than foolish, besides some valuable explanatory details. But in the midst of this mass of letters, thus prepared (enough of them, Heaven knows! to have been by good judgment, one would have said, pared and weeded a little, rather than increased), Mr. Carlyle's executor found certain brief extracts which he did not quite understand. This set his curiosity to work, and he once more examined the mass of papers left to him by the fond old man who trusted him, and found therein a diary of Mrs. Carlyle which explained the matter. The matter was that there had once crossed that self-tormented spirit a cloud of bitter but visionary jealousy: the word is too strong — of hot intolerance rather, impatience, bitter irritation, called forth by the pleasure her husband took in the company of a certain great lady, a brilliant woman of society, whom she did not herself love, but whose charm and influence fascinated him. There were none of the features of ordinary jealousy in this dark fit, no possibility of unfaithfulness, unless it might be intellectual — a preference for the talk, the dazzle of a witty circle in which worship was paid to him, and the still more flattering devotions of its presiding spirit. This fascination drew him night after night away from home, depriving his wife of his society, and suggesting to her over and over again by that whisper of the devil at her ear, which she was always too ready to listen to, that she had ceased to be the first and only woman in the world to him. Such a breath of hell has crossed and withered many a blooming life; in this case the fit was temporary, lasting but a short time, and buried in the tender *rapprochement* of the later chapter of life. The discovery of this bit of writing was a godsend to the biographer, who must have felt by this time that the mass of letters were by no means so comfortable to his theory as might have been desired. He sent it off



at once to Miss Jewsbury to have her elucidations, the only person living who could speak with authority on the subject. Neither the one nor the other seem to have asked themselves what right they had to spy into a secret which the husband had respected. Geraldine, good and kind as woman ever was, but romantic and officious, and pleased too in a regretful way at the discovery, did her part, as may be imagined. "The reading has been like the calling up of ghosts. It was a very bad time with her then, no one but herself, or one constantly with her, knows what she suffered, physically as well as morally," Miss Jewsbury says. And here is produced triumphantly between them this little basket of fragments, with a preface from the male friend, historical and philosophical, "married him against the advice of friends," "worked for him like a servant," all over again: and a postscript from the female friend, sentimental and descriptive: "She was bright and beautiful, with a certain star-like radiance and grace. She had gone off into the desert with him. The offering was accepted, but like the precious things flung by Benvenuto into the furnace when his statue was molten, they were all consumed in the flames: he gave her no human help and tenderness." So Geraldine, in a piece of fine writing—words as untrue as ever words were, as every unprejudiced reader of this book will see for himself, and entirely contrary to that kind soul's ordinary testimony. Not a critic, so far as we are aware, has ever suggested that this proceeding was unjustifiable, or outside of the limits of honor. Is it then permissible to outrage the memory of a wife, and betray her secrets because one has received as a gift her husband's papers? She gave no permission, left no authority for such a proceeding. Does the disability of women go so far as this? or is there no need for honor in respect for the dead? "There ought to be no mystery about Carlyle," says Mr. Froude. No, poor, foolish, fond old man! there is no mystery about him henceforward, thanks to his own distracted babble of genius, first of all. But how about his wife? Did she authorize Mr. Froude to unveil her most secret thoughts, her darkest hours of weakness, which even her husband passed reverently over? No woman of this generation, or of any other we are acquainted with, has had such desperate occasion to be saved from her friends: and public feeling and sense of honor must be at a low ebb indeed when

no one ventures to stand up and stigmatize as it deserves this betrayal and exposure of the secret of a woman's weakness, a secret which throws no light upon anything, which does not add to our knowledge either of her character or her husband's, and with which the public had nothing whatever to do.

From The Cornhill Magazine.

#### MY DAUGHTER-IN-LAW.

I HAD, as widow, undertaken, till my son was of age, the management of his property, consisting of a large estate on the Continent. Things are managed quite otherwise in the part of Europe where my little sketch is laid than elsewhere. The *Herrschaft*, owner or representative of the owner, delegates his or her authority to a *Schaffner*, a sort of bailiff, who has complete command over the men, and to a *Schaffnerin* who holds the same authority over the maids. Men and maids all live in the castle, and day-laborers are only taken when there is a press of work. The usual work, as well as attending to the horses, cattle, etc., is done by servants hired from year to year, and living in the house; we had upwards of twenty. I, as mistress, scarcely ventured to interfere with either of the important personages I have mentioned, as they needed all the prestige that could be given them, to keep order among the often refractory and always rude farm servants. It happened, just at the time I am describing, that one of the maids was of rather a better class, she being the orphan child of a peasant proprietor, who had been sent to my house to learn farm-work. The girl had struck me once or twice by her graceful figure, carrying her milk-pail poised upon her head; and as she saluted me in passing with the usual "I kiss your hands, gracious lady," in a sweet, low voice, I thought she looked like a spell-bound princess, only waiting for the proper moment to step out of her shabby garments and glitter in silk and satin; once, too, in passing I had heard a splendid contralto voice singing an old song in the stable, and set to words which were fitter for the music than the indecent lines which are usually joined to the old songs of our part of the world. As I waited listening, my enchanted princess came out of the stable with her milk-pail on her head, still singing, "Ach ja, du bist mein Stern, aber, ach! so fern." On seeing me she stopped,

blushing rosy red, and even forgot her manners, and was hurrying past without greeting. "Where did you get those pretty verses, my child?" said I; but seeing her too much confused to answer, I let her go and thought no more about it.

One evening I had taken my knitting and sauntered out looking at the fruit trees, and as I candidly confess reckoning about how much cider they would produce, and whether there would still be a chance of selling some fruit, when happening to raise my eyes a little higher than the apples, I saw indications of a splendid sunset. I hastened up the little steep path to the press-house at the top of the vineyard, and mounting the narrow staircase on to the wooden balcony constructed after the model of a Swiss house, was soon absorbed in the wonder and admiration called forth by the sublime spectacle.

As the colors were fading in the sky I turned to descend the stairs again, when I saw my fairy maiden standing with her back to me so evidently waiting, that I involuntarily stopped and said to myself, "Now then I shall see who wrote those pretty verses." I could not easily be seen by any one approaching the little press-house, as the balcony was nearly covered on that side by a large overhanging pear-tree. I had hardly waited a minute when I saw, before even the girl did, a youth coming up from the contrary side to the one I had come by, and with open arms advancing to the unconscious girl. He was the son of an impoverished nobleman in the neighborhood, and of whom, though very young, the neighbors spoke but ill; my heart sank within me at the thought that this graceless youth had found favor in my pretty maiden's eyes, but I was soon undeceived; as soon as he advanced near enough to startle her she sprang back as from a reptile and called out, "Hands off, sir! You know I won't listen to you!" He did not seem inclined to take the warning, and I was considering whether I should interfere, but I thought as I saw the two together that the lass was a "likely lass enough," and quite able to hold her own with such an antagonist, when suddenly the scene was changed by the approach of a third combatant. It was my son then at home for the holidays, a youth of eighteen; he appeared not to share my views regarding the contest, but laying hold of the young baron by his collar twisted him round and round, and then sent him at double-quick pace down the hill. Oh, how handsome

he looked, my son! his grey eyes as black as night with anger and indignation, and how proud of him I felt; but, alas! only for one short moment. The next the anger had gone out of his eyes, and they were shining with another light, more beautiful, perhaps, but oh! for me how much sadder! He, it was evident, was the one waited for, he was the writer of the verses, he was the star of my poor maiden's dream. What should I do? Alas! in such a case what could I do? I slowly went down the steep stairs, but so engrossed were they with themselves, that I was close to them before they noticed me. He had his arms round her, pressing her fondly to him, and in spite of myself I noticed with approbation that he did not guiltily start away when he saw me.

"My child," I said to the girl as gently as I could, for, you see, she was so young, "you must know it is not fit to behave in this manner; and, Erwin, have respect enough for my presence to loose your hold of the girl."

Then they parted, but we all stood uncomfortably conscious that something further must happen.

"My dear, you had better go home; I cannot allow you to stay here knowing what I now know!"

"Mother," said my son, breaking silence for the first time, "take care what you say to my future wife."

His future wife! And were my dreams to end thus! But it was too absurd, he a boy of eighteen, and she the maid who milked the cows! So I resumed, addressing her, "Do you hear, my dear? you must go away and at once."

"Oh, madam, forgive me," said the poor girl; "but what shall I do, and where shall I go?"

"Cannot you go home?" I said, forgetting for the moment that she was an orphan and had no home.

"I have no home," she said, with tears running down her cheeks; "father and mother are both dead, and I never had any brothers or sisters."

"Well, my dear," I said, still more gently than before; "you must have a guardian then; can you not go to him?"

"Yes," she said, "but —"

"But what?" I repeated a little impatiently, for I wanted to make an end of the scene.

"He is afraid for Mark," at last stammered forth the poor girl.

"Oh," said I somewhat bitterly, "he has a son too, has he?"

But she looked up so imploringly and so sadly that I could not give any further vent to my bitterness, the more as I could barely keep my son from mixing in the controversy, which would certainly have only made things worse. He had held the girl by the hand all this time, and now and then whispered a word of tenderness. It was a scene too ridiculous to be touching, but too serious to be laughed at.

At last I said, "Well, you must go to your guardian" (a peasant in the neighborhood) "for to-night, and I will come to-morrow and arrange something with him and you for the future."

"Yes, madam," she said, with a little curtsy and a quiver of her pretty mouth; but still my son did not loose her hand, and waiting a moment I turned away that he might at any rate have the satisfaction of being unobserved, and said, "Erwin, you must let her go, so bid her good-bye." In less than a minute their adieux had been said, and turning again, we both, I and my son, watched her flitting down the hill in the blue light of the summer twilight till she was lost to our sight.

When she had quite disappeared I turned to my son, not altogether quite clear what was best to say or do; he began first, with flaming eyes and in a deep voice still moved by emotion. "Well, mother, are you now satisfied? Shall you like it better that your son's future wife should be tossed about from one place to another till I am old enough to claim her?"

"But, Erwin, how can you talk" ("such nonsense," I was on the point of saying, but a look in his face altered the phrase to) "about marrying when you are only eighteen, and you will not be of age till you are twenty-four? You and she will have time to change your minds twenty times in those six years, and I do not doubt you will do so; at any rate, if she were to be your future wife, as you call her, twenty times over, she must go away now, as well for her own sake as for yours." As I said this an involuntary smile passed over my face, for I felt so sure that, as I said, time would bring the desired change of thoughts, that I began to see the thing only on its ridiculous side. Perhaps my son discovered this, for instead of answering me as he had evidently intended, he quietly walked down the hill at my side, and from that moment, for years, the pretty milk-maiden was never mentioned between us.

I went the next morning, as I had promised, to the house of her guardian,

but she had already taken her departure. He did not seem very willing to talk about her; I fancy his conscience was not at ease, for I heard it said afterwards that he had allowed himself to be persuaded by the girl to give her the savings-bank book where her money, some hundred florins, was written down, and by means of which she could get the money into her own possession. She had persuaded him that she could not, and would not, stay in the country and do country work, but she would go to the next considerable town, and in some way contrive to go to school and learn to be something better than a peasant's wife. I made some inquiry about her, but after a while pretty much forgot her: only now and then, when I was watching the sunset from the little press-house, I thought of the scene that I had witnessed there, and wondered whether my son now thought as little about it as I did.

Years passed on; my son studied well, in some things wonderfully so. He grew in strength and stature, and delighted in nothing so much as when he could make some neck-breaking excursions among the mountains.

In due time he took his degree at the university; served his year as volunteer; and at last attained his majority, which with us is at the age of twenty-four, when there were the usual rejoicings and banquetings, and I formally resigned into his hands the management of his property. The day after the guests were gone and the business was concluded, he came into my little morning-room, and sitting down in his favorite chair, stretched himself almost across the little room from side to side, and said, "Well, Mi Mo" (a nickname he used to call me when a child, but long disused, and I started at his again taking it up), "aren't you glad it's all over? I am, I know. Don't you think we deserve a reward? Wouldn't it be nice to make a tour through the hills, and take some fashionable watering-place—say Baden—on our return?" I was rather surprised at this proposal, for my son had always expressed a decided dislike to watering-places; but what pleased him would certainly, I thought, please me, so our plans were soon made, and as soon put into execution.

We travelled leisurely, enjoying ourselves much. I stayed at the bottom of the hills while my son tried unknown and hazardous short cuts to the summits, and my peace of mind was often sadly disturbed when he was delayed in his as-

cents or descents, and did not reach me at the time proposed, but the anxiety was always happily thrown away, and my son came back safe and sound, his memory ever enriched by the experiences of each expedition. At one time he would describe how, at night, after the sun had gone down, and they were bivouacking under a rock, or had taken possession of a hut built by hospitable explorers for such purposes, after a time he saw the blue shadow of the earth itself thrown up in a half-circle upon the highest tops of the mountains, or, if a slight haze were in the air, projected upon that; and amid the intense stillness of the regions of ice and snow came the feeling of the insignificance of the individual, but of the mighty march of mankind.

After a few weeks spent in this manner we slowly journeyed on to Baden. We arrived there just after the *table d'hôte*, and my son begged me to make my toilet, and go with him on to the promenade. I stared, bewildered, but did as he begged me, and we went down. After a sauntering turn or two along the public walk we took our seat on an empty bench and pretended to listen to the music. At last I ventured the remark, "My boy, do you really like this?" but as my question remained unanswered, I looked round and found my son's eyes fixed intently on two figures slowly approaching us — two ladies, an old one and a young one; the latter struck me at the moment as being the most beautiful person I had ever seen. I recognized, directly afterwards, an old acquaintance in the elderly lady, but I was watching them quite unconsciously and carelessly, only attracted by the exceeding beauty of the younger, when, as they had nearly come abreast of us, the girl raised her eyes and with a vivid blush acknowledged my son's greeting.

I cannot tell how it was, but at that moment I knew it all; yes, it was the dairy-maid transformed, if not into the princess, at any rate into a lady. I heaved a little sigh. I knew my fate at once, and tried as gracefully as I could to take up my heavy burden. The two had reached the end of the walk and were turning again, when I at last broke silence. "My boy, that old lady is an old acquaintance of mine; would you like to be introduced? I can easily claim acquaintance-ship."

For answer he suddenly turned, and taking my hand kissed it, and, rising, put it upon his arm, and led me towards the

two. He looked at me, and, seeing the tears standing in my eyes, he whispered, "She will be a good daughter to you."

"We will hope, at any rate, she will be a good wife to you, my boy," said I.

The old lady, Countess A., I had known years ago. She had never married, and, as I found later, had, three years ago, taken the fairy princess, as I sometimes called her, as companion. Till then Genevieve — such was her name — had been at school; at first as half-servant, half-pupil, and afterwards as half-pupil, half-teacher. She had given such satisfaction that the mistress of the establishment, on her wishing to obtain some other situation, had recommended her most strongly to the countess, who had taken her, and had very soon become quite dependent upon her. Genevieve had, on the occasion of a fire in their dwelling, shown such coolness and intrepidity that the countess always declared that she owed life and property to her exertions. This was all very nice to hear, and as the young people were walking on and losing themselves in the bye-walks of the gardens, as well as in the paradise of their happy love, the countess was telling me the history of the three years she had had Genevieve with her. She knew, she said, that Genevieve had an acquaintance that might ripen into an engagement. She corresponded at times, and had seen once or twice her friend; but as she wished his name not to be mentioned till he was of age and the affair could be settled, the countess had not tried to force herself into Genevieve's confidence, but had only warned her to be careful, and let it pass. "But now," she continued, "dear friend, Genevieve is really a good girl, and if your son has chosen her, and has remained in the same mind all these years, he deserves that his wife should be kindly received." "Yes, yes," I said, "I know all that; but do you know that she used to milk our cows?" As I said it, however, I felt ashamed of myself, for it was really nothing bad, and continued hastily, "and how can she take her place as 'lady of the manor' there, where every one knows her and knew her family?" "Well," admitted the countess, "that is certainly an objection; it might easily become a source of great discomfort to him and to her." "Especially to her," added I.

The result of our consideration was that the countess declared herself desirous of legally adopting Genevieve as child; and as she was quite her own mistress, and over the fifty years of age

necessary for the legality of the adoption, and Genevieve gave up all pretension to any property save what should be voluntarily bestowed upon her, the other members of the countess's family made no serious objection, and the thing was quickly settled.\* My son, who, to do him justice, did not much trouble himself about the business, and was quite indifferent whether his wife were to be known as the daughter of a prince or a peasant, only insisted on a speedy marriage; and as the business was quickly arranged, he and Miss A., as Genevieve was now called, were married, and set out on their wedding tour, which was to last a month or two, and I betook me home again, sad and solitary, to prepare for their reception.

After the months of their wedding tour were over, in the late autumn, the young pair returned; and though I knew my son would be indifferent to demonstrations, I ventured to think it would not be so with his wife. So things were ordered to give them such a reception as in the country is usual. Mortars were fired off as soon as the carriage was seen approaching; the band from the neighboring town was called into requisition; and the farm-people, both in and out of the castle, received them with shouts of welcome, the heartier that their throats had already been wetted with our home-grown wine. The carriage entered the castle-court, and I, followed by the housekeeper and the maids, came forward to welcome them. My daughter-in-law looked as beautiful as ever, but I fancied there was a slight trace of anxiety on her lovely face as she glanced from one to the other of the elder people, lest they might recognize her as an old acquaintance. No one appeared to do so, and it all passed off as well as possible. The next few days were occupied in making visits, as is the custom with us, which my son bore with a degree of submission which, knowing his former abhorrence of such things, I thought quite wonderful and highly praiseworthy. He was led about from castle to castle and from mansion-house to mansion-house, like a lamb to the sacrifice. I

was not often present at such times, but when I was, I looked with wonder at the self-command, and heard with wonder the endless flow of light, graceful conversation, developed by my daughter-in-law.

I had long left the castle and taken up my abode in a tiny house in the midst of a little wood of fir-trees; they were not so near as to shut out sun and air, but near enough to give me the pleasant smell of the pine wood. They harbored also flocks of titmice, and I used to sit and watch these most graceful denizens of the trees, hanging sometimes at the end of a branch, and swaying to and fro in the wind, or darting, quick as lightning, from one twig to another, in search of their favorite food. I used often to tell my daughter-in-law I had more pleasure from my friends than she from hers, and no trouble about them either. I am afraid she never quite forgave me for having known her as — well, as a milkmaid; but my son was happy and contented, and I, of course, could not be otherwise. Only once in company, I saw a shade of fear and annoyance cross her face, and it so completely changed its beauty that the occurrence, slight in itself, impressed itself on my memory. It was at a large gathering on occasion of a charitable concert given by the amateurs in the neighborhood; my daughter-in-law had also sung, as she was one of the best singers among the gentryfolk. After the concert was over and the company had risen from their seats, and were greeting one another and conversing, I saw the same vicious lad, now grown into a vicious man, who had made one at the sunset scene, inquisitively regarding my daughter-in-law, and, after a moment, with a malicious twinkle in his faded eye, advance towards her. She had remarked him, too, and it was with something less than her usual coolness and composure that she returned his bow, when just as he was about to address her, a great friend of mine, and a sort of magnate in the district, who had, perhaps, made attentive by my look, also been watching the by-play, approached and said, with as respectful a bow as if he had been greeting an empress, "May I be allowed to deliver here a message from your mother, the Countess A., without awaiting the formality of coming to your house? I met her at the Baths this year, and she begged me to tell you that you and your husband must not forget your promise of visiting her this autumn." The young man had drawn back at the approach of the elder, and listened, evidently bewildered, to this speech; then

\* In Austria any one after the age of fifty, if childless, can adopt a child, and the said child enters into all the rights of a real child, and like a real child, in Austria, cannot be wholly disinherited, but under any circumstances must have the portion of the adoptive parent's property called the *Pflicht-Theil*. If the parent dies intestate, the whole goes to the adopted child, who of course from the moment of adoption bears the family name. The title can only be acquired by the express consent of the emperor.



with a hackneyed compliment at the pleasure he felt at finding such a beautiful new neighbor, he turned away. I saw him furtively watching my daughter-in-law once or twice in the course of the evening, but he seemed to have got over his suspicions before the company separated. Whether my old friend really knew the story of my son's wife, I never knew; he had a knack of knowing things that no one else did, but I never knew him make an ill use of his knowledge.

Years passed on: children were born, two boys and a girl, beautiful little beings; and my daughter-in-law, surrounded by her children, made a group that any painter would have been glad to take as a model. The youngest, my darling golden-haired Reggy, was the pride of my life, the solace of my old age. He did not lend himself so readily to the little graceful forms of life that the elder children successfully adopted from their mother, but his ardent, self-sacrificing love, where he really loved, his unconcerned disdain of a lie or deception of any kind, pleased me more than the brightest talents or the most graceful demeanor. His elder brother, the eldest of the family, was richly endowed by nature, and has since, under careful training, fully developed his natural gifts. The girl was the least interesting of the three, and had very partially inherited her mother's beauty; but as she grew towards womanhood she developed a slight, graceful figure, and was quite sure not to step out of the usual grooves. My daughter-in-law was very attentive to her duties as mistress, and the household was perfectly well managed—the better, perhaps, by the knowledge she had acquired in former years of various shortcomings among the domestics. My son was apparently satisfied with his wife and children, and looked after his people, and studied and wrote, uninterrupted by any misfortune. Everything went on well, and I don't think that either of my grandsons will be allowed to marry a milkmaid!

The children had reached the respective ages of eighteen, sixteen, and twelve, when a sad time broke in upon and destroyed our unobtrusive happiness. The climate seemed to have wholly changed its character; the harvests were miserable, the small peasant proprietors were reduced to great straits, and even the richer landowners were often at their wits' ends for a little ready money; added to all which, or probably in consequence of it all, there was a sudden collapse of mer-

cantile credit, and joint-stock banks and institutions of all kinds, yesterday thought as safe as the hills, were crashing and tumbling down, bringing ruin in their train. My son was not so hard hit as some—at least it seemed not at first—but anxiety darkened his brow, and at times made his words sharp; indeed things were not going on well. In the country one can hardly live without horses and carriages; and though my son often talked of only keeping the farm horses, his wife had hitherto succeeded in persuading him to try a little longer. The second pair he had sold, so that now there were only one pair and a young horse, which had often been used, but was reckoned not fully broken in or trustworthy. One day the young people were gone to spend the afternoon with some distant neighbors, and could not return till late; my son had gone to town, intending to stay over night, when, after the children were gone, a telegram came from him saying he should be back that evening, and the carriage must be sent to the station. My daughter-in-law gave orders that the young horse should be put to the little carriage, and she would drive down herself to meet her husband. The coachman was of course out with the carriage, and his "help" came up to speak to his mistress, and, as is often the way with such people, said in a disrespectful manner that his master had forbidden him to harness the horse, especially alone. Now, there was one thing my daughter-in-law could not bear patiently, and that was any real or fancied want of respect from the servants; whether it was a still lingering remembrance of past times with the idea that perhaps the servants deliberately refused her the deference they paid to others, I do not know, but nothing was so certain to make her obstinately adhere to a resolution than a disinclination of the servants to obey her. "Never mind," she answered sharply; "I tell you now to do so." "But"—began the man. "Don't say anything more, but put the horse to and bring him up to the door."

The man desisted from his attempt at persuasion, and went away sulkily to do as she had bidden him. He put to the horse (who, to make matters worse, had not been out of the stable for a day or so), and dressed himself also in case his mistress would let him go with her; she, still angry, and no doubt really believing it was only a fidget of the groom's, refused his offer to drive her down to the station and walk home, when his master

would take the reins, saying she could manage quite well alone, and taking the reins she set off: the man, shaking his head, took off his livery coat and went about his work. In the mean time his mistress was getting into distress. At first, as we afterwards heard from a neighbor who was on the road, the horse went quietly enough; but just where the hill was steepest he started at a beggar who had been lying by the side of the road and suddenly rose as the carriage passed him; pulling the little carriage aside, it lost the grip of the break, and down the hill they went pell-mell, as fast as the horse could gallop.

Genevieve tried in vain to stop him, and could at most only keep him in the road; but, alas! at the bottom of the hill the road took a turn sharp across a little stone bridge; the horse missed the bridge, plunged headlong into the stream, several feet below the road, dragging the carriage, with Genevieve in it, after him, and there he lay struggling and kicking as if possessed with a demon. Whether poor Genevieve was hurt before she reached the water, whether she was drowned, being entangled with the carriage, or whether the horse kicked her on her head and so caused her death, no one could tell. She was all covered with bruises from the fall and from the horse's hoofs; when I, whom the people had hastily sent for, reached the sad scene, she had been got up out of the brook and was lying upon the bank. The doctor had come before I did, and had there found her quite dead. The horse, strange to say, was not much hurt, and had been led back to his stable. The Schaffner had had sense enough to borrow a carriage from a neighbor and send it to the station for his master, and had forbidden the man to say a word about the accident. We might expect my son in about a quarter of an hour, and how should I break this sad, sad story to him? At any rate, I thought it would be better to get the poor dead thing carried out of sight before he came, so I sent to the next cottage and got a mattress, and lifting her gently up, with the assistance of the doctor and the neighbors we laid her upon it, and she was carried into the house, till my son should decide what was to be done. I then went back a few yards to meet my son, who could be seen approaching at a distance. I could not help being glad that it was only a farm horse he was driving, and that he got on so slowly. I stifled my sobs and dried my eyes as well as I could, but who could

look just then unconcernedly unconscious? As the carriage drew nearer my son saw me and pulled up to take me in: he had had vexatious work enough in the town that day, as I heard afterwards, and was busied with his own unpleasant thoughts: he bade me good evening, and I got into the carriage, but as he saw me nearer my face told him only too plainly that something had happened. "What is it, mother?" said he; "tell me at once: it will not be so bad as my news, I guess." "Oh, my son, my son, have you too got bad news to tell? Tell me yours first, then." I thought if I could get my boy home again it would be easier to tell him than here; but he would not be put off. "Where is Genevieve?" he asked; "why are you alone?" I answered evasively, "The children are gone to spend the afternoon at ——" "Yes, yes, I know, the man told me, but he told me also that Genevieve had not gone with them. Has anything happened to her, that no one can answer a simple question?"

He was beginning to get angry; the man had answered him several times off the point out of fear lest he should say what he had been forbidden to. By this time we had reached the little bridge, and looking down the stream he saw traces of the accident. He pulled up short and said to the man, "What is that there? it looks exactly like the little carriage all broken to pieces." The man looked at me to know what to say; my son caught the look and said, "Mother, what is it? don't make secrets with me to-day, I can't bear it." I motioned to the man, who had got out, to hold the horse, and beckoning my son to follow me, said as soon as I could command my voice, "There has been a dreadful accident; that is the carriage lying there, and your dear wife, poor Genevieve, was in it: she was driving the young horse down to meet you, the others were out with the children ——" "But," my son interrupted sternly, "I had expressly forbidden that that horse should be put into the carriage." "Yes, my dear son, but Genevieve would have it so, as I hear, and the man was forced to obey her." "Well, mother?" as I stopped. "My boy, she is lying there," pointing to the little cottage, "but," as he was hastening on, "you need not hurry; she will not know." "Mother, is she dead?" turning once more to me. He saw by my face that it was so, and for a moment stopped, then hurried on again, whilst I followed more slowly.

At the door of the house the peasant's

wife told me my son had turned them out of the room where Genevieve was lying, and shut the door, bidding her tell me I should drive home, he would follow on foot. There are moments when one needs to be alone with a great sorrow. Indeed, a great sorrow must needs be borne alone — no one, not even the nearest and dearest, can help much. There deep down in our heart, where lie dead the hopes and joys which have brightened our life hitherto, there we keep our mourning chamber, and even when a sad smile passes our lips it only tears away the film that was growing over the dead joys, and brings our sorrows once more to the light of day. The only healer is time, and time, with its soft and gentle touch, heals most wounds or makes us insensible to their pain. I will not dwell upon the bitter grief of the young people, coming to their desolate home; they loved their mother fondly and dearly; but youth recovers quickly from sorrow as from sickness, and their grief was softened before I could have fancied.

My son sent word that they should prepare a sort of bier and bring it down to the cottage, and in the bright moonlight of a summer night all that remained of poor Genevieve was carried back into the castle court and laid reverently in the little chapel. Of the days that followed there is little to be said. As we all, in our deep mourning garments and wearing still deeper mourning in our hearts, returned home from the funeral, my son called me into his study and said, "Dear mother, perhaps Genevieve is better off than we are, for my affairs are in such a state that I may say I and my family are almost beggars. The day of her death, when I was in town, I was afraid that it might be so, and to-day's post has brought the confirmation of it. The bank in which I am largely interested has failed, and there seems no prospect of even the smallest dividend for the shareholders; the estate is encumbered, as you know, partly with other debts, and partly with your appanage. Don't interrupt me," seeing me about to speak; "it is for us all a blessing that you are provided for, and I see no help but to let the estate — in the present state of affairs it would be useless to try to sell it — and then if you will give up your little house and come to live with us in the town, the education of the boys will not cost much, and I can earn something with my pen. I know I am asking you to make a great sacrifice," he continued, his voice becoming thick

and tremulous, "but I know also that for me and my children you, at any rate, will think no sacrifice too great."

"Thank you, my boy," said I, and the thing was settled.

The countess, Genevieve's adopted mother, now a very old woman, had taken a most kind interest in our sorrows, and she wrote most heartily, offering my granddaughter Veva, as she was called to distinguish her from her mother, a home with her as long as she lived, promising also to give her the advantages of masters in all the accomplishments she might wish to cultivate. The children had been always accustomed to call the countess "grandmamma," and probably thought she was so; and Veva, when she heard that we would have to live in a very small confined lodging in the town, and that her being with us would sensibly increase our expenses, very properly, and perhaps not very unwillingly, agreed to accept the proposal, and I took her to the countess's house, where she remained during the trying years we passed till the boys' education was finished and things began to brighten.

The evening before we were finally to leave the castle, after everything was packed that we were to take with us, and the tenant had been duly installed, my son came into my room, the same little room in which so many years ago he had proposed to me, so unconscious, our journey to seek his bride, and asked me to go with him to take a last look at the view from the press-house. Some memory of the other time must have come across him; I saw a visible shudder pass his frame, but he conquered his emotion and calmly followed me down the stone staircase and silently walked by my side up that little steep path on to the balcony. Now there were no bright gleams of radiance lighting up the broad landscape that lay beneath us, and the mountain ridge, grey and cold, cut sharply off from the grey sky behind. There was one star, Jupiter, striving to show itself through the twilight. My son saw it and showed it to me, saying it should be our emblem; now it could scarce be seen, but as the night grew darker and darker the star would grow brighter and brighter, and so would we; then he suddenly said, "Do you remember that other sunset? But of course you do? Was it not all a mistake? I don't mean my marrying Genevieve, but the trouble we took not to let people know who she was? I think we should have been much happier

had she simply been the peasant's child, and not a countess's adopted daughter. She would perhaps be alive now, and at any rate I should not be more than half thankful that she is not. Poor Genevieve! she would never have borne the life we shall now have to bear." I learned more, by these few words, of my son's wedded life than I had known in all the years I had lived almost at his side. Was he right? I think so.

The next morning we took leave of our old retainers and of our old home, and soon found a little lodging in the town, where we settled down and began our new life. Often in those apparently dark days I had hours of the greatest interest and delight. The boys worked well, in preparation for their respective professions, my son continued his scientific labors, and whether that misfortune, as it sometimes does, had cleared his intellect, or, what was more likely, he now gave his undivided attention to his work, he commanded more and more the attention of the scientific world, so that, wonderful to say, his works began, even as a mercantile speculation, to pay. After a time it came to be a habit with us, after our early and frugal supper, and while my son indulged in his one luxury, his pipe, to sit round the table in the room which served as dining-room, sitting-room, and my bedroom, and talk, each one contributing something to the general entertainment or interest. My son told of his discoveries in science, or foreshadowings of discoveries; Alwyn, the eldest, who was studying for a professorship of literature at the university, expatiated on the beauties of some forgotten work; or Reggy, with his clear voice and bright look, related some incident of his school life, always, though unintentionally, revealing his honest nature. Yes, despite our poverty and the misfortunes that have befallen us, we are not unhappy. Behind the clouds, the sun was shining, and it has come out to cheer us.

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From Longman's Magazine.  
NATURALNESS.

*Mrs. Skewton*: "We are so dreadfully artificial."  
*Dombey and Son.*

I HAVE often wondered at what epoch it was that mankind first began to use speech to conceal their thoughts. In the golden age, no doubt, folks spoke what naturally occurred to them, with the hap-

piest results, *i.e.*, those who said offensive things were instantly tomahawked, while agreeable people lived to see their children's children—a genuine and bright example of the survival of the fittest. When one thinks of the bores who "in their thousands" now infest society, that theory seems absolutely untenable. On the other hand, it is mere pessimism to contend that bores are necessary evils. It is not nature, but the absence of naturalness, which begets them, and which lies at the root of all our social dulness. It has been well said that if a man, however humble, should at the end of his days set down his actual experiences, including his real thoughts (very different from his "philosophical reflections"), that simple story of human life from the cradle to the deathbed would be the most interesting book in the world. And what is true of the whole is true of the part. If people would only say what they really think concerning this and that, and above all would say nothing about matters on which they never think at all, social life would be much more interesting. What we hear of the "decay of conversation" is true enough, and the phrase in which the complaint is couched is exceedingly appropriate; there is no want of conversation, but it is decayed, rotten; there is neither honest thought nor genuine humor in it, but only pretence and affectation. *Æstheticism* has much to answer for in this matter, and may be said to have driven away what wit and sense still lingered in our drawing-rooms. It is the opportunity of fools; there is no one who has learned the terms of art who does not think himself qualified to talk about it; and others consent to listen to him upon the understanding that they are presently to have their innings. A very few writers only have shown themselves competent to describe the magnificent effects of sunrise; it would be a dangerous subject to the most eloquent of talkers; yet hundreds of splendidly apparelled men and women are ready every evening to deluge one with their descriptions of some copy of sunrise done with a brush. If the picture were in the room, there might be something to be said about it; but the picture is in Munich, or in Dresden, and these people seem to think that by their chatter about its tints and glows that they can not only recall it to one's recollection but recreate it for the benefit of those who have never seen it. When a splendid landscape is lying before him, the man who is most worthy of it does not go into

verbal hysterics about it; and though it sinks into his soul, to be reproduced for his pleasure and refreshment afterwards, he will never dream of boring you for half an hour in a London drawing-room with a second-hand view of it: and if nature cannot stand this reproduction, how much less can art! Pictures may, of course, be talked about in their absence, like anything else, but when they are used as texts to be preached upon extempore, one's mind reverts with envy to that great painter who could shift his trumpet and take snuff, till such rhapsodies were over. For affectation and pretence our present art-talk has no parallel except among wine-bibbers who will sometimes discourse about the vintages; but in that case one may good-naturedly say that the dates go well with the olives. One doesn't expect much in the way of talk from toppers; and the wine *is there*, though where it comes from they may not be quite so certain as they think they are. Moreover, when it comes to the vintages, it is probable that the company is more or less drunk, whereas your art-talkers have no such excuse; they are seldom intoxicated, save with the "exuberance of their own verbosity." They talk for talking's sake, or "for the gallery," and, what is worse, their opinions are almost always second-hand, so that there is no sort of naturalness about them. Nevertheless (which shows how a hothouse plant can be made to appear indigenous to the soil) they often express them with great vehemence and acrimony. Mr. A., a collector of pictures, while in company with a friend in his gallery, was called upon by B., an art critic. "Why, you have got one of Martin's pictures!" cried the latter, his æsthetic indignation making him forgetful of the presence of a stranger. "What on earth have you done *that for*? You surely don't think Martin a *painter*. A more ridiculous, melodramatic —"

"Hush, hush!" whispered A., behind his hand, "that gentleman yonder *is* Martin."

"Well, well, perhaps you are right!" said B., changing front in face of the enemy. "It is just as well to have a specimen of every artist. When I said Mr. Martin was not a painter, I should have added not a painter of the ordinary type; he is a school in himself; and though eccentric, it must be owned that he has the eccentricity of genius. I should like of all things to be introduced to him, but I haven't time," and off he scuttled.

Mr. A. used to say that life was thence-

forth embittered to him from the fear that B. should some day meet the real Martin and find he was not the man to whom he had apologized profusely and unnecessarily; but for my part I think A. quite justified in playing that little trick upon his visitor, whose condemnation of the painter was probably no whit more genuine than his laudation of him. The very indignation of such people is cant, and very cheap cant.

Years ago it was the poet's complaint that, ground in the social mill, we rubbed each other's angles down, and lost in form and gloss the picturesque of man and man; but we have gone much further than that since those lines were written. We have lost even the characteristics of sex, and men now talk like women, without their charm. There was never such an opportunity for a person of either sex to make in society what it is pleased to call "a success" as at present, if, combined with a desire to please, he or she should only have the courage to be natural. The former attribute is the very salt of social life, and more conducive to its enjoyment than all the wit in the world: the absence of it is unpardonable, since it shows at the best a selfish indifference to the happiness of others. Yet such is the dearth of genuineness that I have noticed that, even without the wish to please, a man who says what he thinks receives from society a certain sort of welcome. He may be gruff, sententious, and egotistic, but though he is a bear he is not a bore, and much is forgiven him on the ground of his being an original. Nor under the circumstances is society to be blamed for tolerating him, since even a cutting draught is better than no fresh air at all. It is on this account that Cete-wayo, though he had not good manners — and who, we are told, when he heard Mr. John Dunn's name mentioned had a habit of spitting "in all directions," like the llama at the Zoological Gardens — was so popular with society during his short stay in England. Who can withhold his admiration from that "Let us go," with which he rose from his seat when the sermon became intolerable, and left the church, "followed by his faithful retainers"? A majestic burst of natural instinct, that showed him every inch a king!

Insincerity in conversation was probably at its very worst during the late Hamiltion sale. Sham admiration touched its apogee — its greatest distance from truth and common sense — in connection with



that crazy furniture and its infamous associations. The folly of giving 6,000*l.* for a Louis Quatorze table was portentous, yet not so amazing as the interest professed to be felt in such a fact by the people who didn't buy it. Who can believe, even with the sincerest contempt for the intelligence of his fellow-creatures, that they really cared twopence about it? Yet if that table had been the original tables of testimony newly found upon the mount, or if the gewgaws that enriched it had been the lost Urim and Thummim, it could not have been discussed with more eagerness and assiduity.

In these days, with their fine crops of theories that only flourish in a mist of words, there is nothing more uncommon than to meet a man who has something to tell you at first hand; something to show you that he has found for himself in the book of human life. Yet there are such people still.

At a great house, full one evening as an aviary with brilliant chatters, I chanced to come across such a man, who perhaps interested me all the more from his contrast with his surroundings. An illustrious personage was expected, which caused a flutter of excitement among the guests, and gave anecdotes of the court precedence over other topics; but nevertheless an enthusiastic young gentleman in spectacles upon my left was explaining the principles of Wagner's music to a young lady, who "stared with great eyes, and smiled with alien lips," while on my right a matron of two-and-twenty was narrating to a select circle an entrancing story of a china teapot that her husband had picked up on their honeymoon, and which (through its having a *fleur de lis* where certainly no one would have expected to find such a thing) was, in point of fact, priceless. In the midst of this affected jabber my attention was attracted to a man of military aspect, but without that jaded and indifferent air which the defenders of our country are wont to assume in the haunts of fashion; he had a bright, interested expression, such as spectators who are really pleased, and do not only wish to please their host and hostess, wear at private theatricals. After a word or two of mutual introduction, through the good offices of a photograph album that lay near us, I made bold to ask whether in such a scene he felt as happy as he looked. "I do, indeed," he said with an amused smile. "What one hears and sees here may be very false and foolish, but the fact is that is the very

reason why I like it. I see too much of real life at home, and live too much among real people."

I felt very much inclined to ask him, like the imaginary interlocutor (Wonderment) in "The Bridge of Sighs," "Where is your home?" Who was his father, who was his mother, who was his sister, who was his brother, that they should be so natural and different from everybody else? I suppose I looked all that, for he observed, as if in reply to an inquiry, "I am the governor of a gaol."

Every one who is in such a position has exceptional opportunities for the observance of human life, and is therefore more or less interesting. That is why a doctor is "better company" than a member of any other profession: he has seen his fellow-creatures *en déshabille*, and as free from fine speeches as fine clothes. The sick man has no breath to waste, and "the gallery" he has in his mind is too high overhead to be impressed by his poor acting. And thus it is with prisoners, who, being for the time at least out of the world, are more honest (except with the chaplain) than the people that are in it. I fraternized with my new friend at once, and found him charming; his talk, compared with that which surrounded us, was like coming upon a clear fresh brook in the midst of a desert full of mirages; or rather it was like honest wine from the wood, which has not been drugged or sweetened for the fashionable market, till not a drop of the juice of the grape remains in it.

After several glasses, I ventured to inquire what was the most remarkable incident he had met with in his professional career. He stroked his chin and smiled drily. I would have given anything to know what he had in his mind, but that I felt quite sure he was not going to tell me. He had recalled it, only to dismiss it as being quite unadapted to the place and time. It is one of the disadvantages of a fashionable assembly (though it affects only a very few people) that no one ever dares to tell in it his best story. Even as it was (*i.e.* with his second-best one), the governor dropped his voice lest the Wagner man and the china woman should be scandalized by the touch of nature. "I cannot 'adorn a tale,' as some of us can," he said with a smile that I thought remarkably pleasant; "but I will tell you the thing just as it happened.

"One of the most curious experiences that ever befell me was during a provincial engagement, when I had Clayland Gaol

in Loamshire. The population were agricultural and uncultivated, and of course the most ignorant as well as the most degraded came my way. One of them was a woman of sixty, a murderess.

"The chaplain could do nothing with her—he very seldom can with those who are condemned to death; they have something else to listen to than mere words. Days and even weeks before a timber has been raised, or a nail has been driven in, they hear the gallows being put up. This poor creature, however, was not troubled in that way; she had not the imagination for it. She had not even the instinctive disinclination for her fate that the dumb animal feels on the threshold of the slaughter-house. There were no 'good-byes' to make, for she had neither relative nor friend in the world; the world she was to leave on Monday.

"On the Sunday night she sent for me. It had been a pouring day, as most November days in Loamshire are, and as I entered her cell the sound of the rain upon the roof heightened the melancholy effect of the scene to an extraordinary degree. To those who knew the circumstances of the case she was scarcely an object of pity, for the murder she had committed was a most brutal and appalling one; but it was impossible to behold her without sharing her wretchedness. She was standing under the barred blank window with her eyes fixed upon it, listening apparently to the plash of the storm, but she turned quickly round as I came in and faced me.

"'Guv'nor,' she said, 'is it true that I am to be hung to-morrow?'

"It was not easy to reply to such a question in words, and I only inclined my head gravely.

"'Is it far from here—I mean the gallows?'

"'About fifty yards; in front of the gaol gates.'

"'Ay, ay; I mind the place well; I saw John Norris hung there when I was a young gal. Then one will walk to it, won't one?'

"There was a touch of disappointment in her tone which I could not understand, though I guessed the reason of it afterwards.

"'Yes, we shall all walk.'

"'Very good! I've been thinking of summat as I should like to do. Will you grant me a last favor, Guv'nor?'

"I told her, of course, that anything that lay in my power, and which my duty permitted me to do, would be done for her.

"'Well, to-morrow will be wet, you see, that's certain. Now, never in all my life has it happened to me to walk under a silk umbrella. Will you let me do it, just this once?'

"I gave her, of course, the required assurance, and her warders reported afterwards that she went to bed in good spirits and passed an excellent night. Her first words on being awakened in the morning were to inquire if it rained, and, on being informed that it did, she expressed her satisfaction. The rest of the sad ceremony seemed to interest her very little, but never shall I forget how her dull, hard face brightened up at the sight of the new silk umbrella that was presented to her. She held it over her head to the gallows foot, with a hand which, if it trembled at all, did so with conscious pride."

My friend had scarcely finished his story ere the illustrious personage arrived, when the efforts of the ambitious to hear him speak, and see him smile, and even to catch sight of the back of his shoulders, rendered further conversation impossible. To have met such a man, however, as my governor, and in such a scene, was a piece of good fortune to be thankful for. If he couldn't adorn a tale he could point a moral, for as we were sundered by the too loyal throng he whispered slyly, "There are others beside my poor old woman, you see, who like for once in their lives to stand under a silk umbrella."

JAMES PAYN.

From Good Words.

#### THE CENTRAL ASIAN DESERT

TO-DAY AND TWENTY YEARS AGO.

BY PROFESSOR ARMINIUS VAMBERY, THE  
UNIVERSITY, BUDA-PESTH.

"Tempora mutantur et nos mutamur in illis!"

TWENTY years are certainly but a very short span of time, and yet what great and extraordinary changes can take place during it in large societies as well as in single individuals! I am sitting now in my beloved home on the banks of the Danube, and reading the highly interesting book by Mr. O'Donovan on the "Merv Oasis." I cannot abstain from admiring the really astounding change of things, caused by the contact of our Christian civilization with the wretched inhabitants of the dreary central Asian Desert—those ruthless robbers and man-stealers upon whom I looked twenty years ago with aversion,

mingled with a good amount of terror, and whose manners, a mixture of cruelty with patriarchal virtue, have left an indelible impression upon my mind.

It was in April, 1863, that I first got into that portion of the central Asian Desert which, known by the name Hyrcanian, extends from the northern frontier of Persia to the left bank of the Oxus, and is chiefly inhabited by the three different branches of Turcomans, viz., the Yomuts, the Goklen, and the Tekkes. Of these, only the second had at that time shown unmistakable signs of decay; their numbers having greatly diminished in consequence of continual warfare with their stronger brethren in the east and in the west, while the Persians, although powerless to check the inroads of the mightier tribes, had succeeded in mitigating their manners and in forcibly settling what was left of the tribe. The Yomuts, again, were at that time in possession of their full independence; and the social conditions I found at Gomushtepe, the centre of the Yomuts' power, still bore the stamp of the ancient nomadic life. The signs of European culture were exceedingly rare, and manifested themselves only in some minor articles of household furniture, such as chintzes and cotton stuffs, mostly imported from Russia, and in arms of the cheapest sort. News of the mighty West had not penetrated, only, either through the Persian channel or through the reports of those enterprising Turcomans who visited Astrakhan or Temir-Shurakhan on some mercantile errand. Strange to say, the Turcomans had, at that time, already some hazy notions about the political and commercial rivalry existing between England and Russia in the East; but dim and confused as their ideas were with regard to the former power, their terror of Russia was great, being the State denoted by the national poet, Makhdumkuli, as the Antichrist, and as the sure destroyer of the Mohammedan world. Persia was, in their eyes, the nobody, a power with which everybody ventured to trifle; and, having been accustomed centuries ago to extend their predatory inroads far into the interior, they felt themselves right in supposing that his Majesty the shah was more afraid of the Turcomans than of all the rest of the world.

As to the conditions of social life I found there, it required little imaginative power to go back four or five hundred years, when these very Turcomans, obeying the call of of an adventurous leader, rushed forward in large bands to swell the

armies of Djenghiz, Timur, and Nadir. The more peaceable portion of the population, called *ichomru*, i.e., squatters, were now in an appalling minority, whilst the *icharva*, i.e., the cattle-breeders—a class out of which the daring robbers or the *baters* (heroes) recruited themselves—had become the ruling power, their chief objects being adventurous forays, with the capture of cattle and of men. Their interests were centred in the prices of the slave market, which were, however, at that time at a very low ebb, for the Tekkes had a year before overcome a whole army of the king of Persia, and, without the fatigue of kidnapping, a stalwart Persian slave was to be had for twenty or thirty shillings. Owing to this glut in the market, the tents of the Turcomans were so crowded with slaves that even those who could scarcely boast of the possession of a camel had a couple, and the clattering of the heavy chains, which one heard everywhere, was nearly deafening, and certainly did not add to the comfort of the visitor. The chains, of the coarsest make, were generally fastened with a ring on each ankle; and, being of a greater length than usual in order to increase the weight and enable the miserable culprit to make a wide pace, they were hoisted up to the belt, causing very frequently the wearer to bend down, and to present whilst marching a most pitiable sight. Particularly heart-rending was it to see the old and decrepit under the burden of heavy fetters. Whilst dragging their feet along the muddy or sandy streets they used to throw a glance, full of pain and sorrow, towards the sky, as if imploring the Supreme Being and merciful Lord for assistance. Whenever I met with such pitiable glances I felt as if a dart had pierced me; yet to show the slightest sign of compassion would have been looked upon as sympathizing with those heretics, and would have endangered my own safety. Only when at some distance from the tents, and when not exposed to the suspecting look of the Turcomans, did I venture to address a few soothing words to the unhappy slaves. When I thus made inquiries about their fate and their relatives in Persia, the look of amazement cast by these unfortunates, who could not conceive that a man dressed as a Hadji (pilgrim) and as a Sunnite should pity them, very frequently quite disconcerted me. "Art thou a lamb in the skin of a wolf?" said an elderly Persian from Firuzkuh one day to me. "I see thou speakest my mother tongue as if thou

hadst visited the college of Meshed or of Nishapur. Tell me, pray, will these children of hell (*i.e.*, Turcomans) be permitted any longer to ruin the face of the earth, and will not Allah soon send the avenger of their horrid vices?"

Strange to say, the perpetrators of these cruelties, the destroyers of so many peaceful families, had the least benefit from their bloody acts, for the spoil which they brought back from such excursions went mostly into the hands of under-dealers, who speculated in human flesh, and who had their customers in Khiva, Hezarasp, Urgheñdj, and Karakul. For his private use, the Turcoman kept only those for whom he expected a rich ransom, or the older and weaker ones of whom he could not get rid, and in both cases the unfortunate captives had to undergo the rudest treatment and the most diabolical tortures. In these cases it was the custom to put round the neck an iron ring, which was fastened to a peg during the night, and to expose the poor creature to all the inclemencies of the weather, in order to prevent any escape. Frequently the miserable wretch was sent to the desert to look after the camels, where he had to feed upon dried salt fish, without a drop of water to quench the pangs of thirst.

Besides this saddening aspect of social life, the total want of security among the Turcomans surprised the foreign visitor. Although apparently Mussulmans, religion had not the slightest influence upon their conduct, and it was a common occurrence for even priests or their acolytes to be robbed of their most precious property, and to be unable to get it back, although the perpetrators of the robbery were universally known. It was very exceptional to find conscience inducing the transgressor to restore stolen goods, and when he did so it was generally at the prompting of superstitious fears. On awakening one morning I made the disagreeable discovery that my rug, the only cover I had with me, had been stolen during the night. I should greatly miss it during the chilly nights under the airy tent. My host, Khandjan Kelte, being absent from Gomushtepe, I applied for assistance to Kizil Akhoud, a highly respected molla at that time, who was displeased with the news, but asked me to wait till the next morning. After evening prayer, which was performed in the open air upon a square artificial elevation, he whispered a few words to those around him, who all shook their heads. The re-

sult, however, of this secret exhortation was that next morning I found my rug outside the tent close to the door, with the addition of some minor gifts presented by the thief. The riddle was afterwards explained to me. The unknown thief, whose favorite wife was ill, applied to the leading molla for some medical advice, or for a *fatiha* (a prayer), which the good man promised if the stolen property of the foreign hadji was restored. The application of such means, however, did not always produce the desired result, and the only thing which was regarded as effective security for law was the number of the respective tribe or clan to which any one belonged. The more numerous the tents of a tribe the greater was the respect enjoyed by its members, and naturally, also, by its guests; and as the Kelte family, whose hospitality I enjoyed, was by far the most numerous and influential on the banks of the lower Gurgan, I felt quite safe to move about to the most distant portion of the desert, where my relation to the said family became known in the briefest time. I never trusted entirely to my character as a holy man, who wrote amulets, and who bestowed blessings on the sick, except in the case of the female portion of society, who showed implicit faith in my doings, and who frequently sheltered me against the rudeness of their unbelieving husbands or brethren. These tokens of female piety will remain ever green in my memory.

Imagine, gentle reader, an isolated tent in some dreary portion of the desert, at whose door I arrive after a tiresome march of several hours in deep sand and under a scorching sun, without a drop of refreshing water, and without an animating breeze. My salutation, "Es-salam Aleikum," *i.e.*, "Peace be over thee," resounds far in the distance, and makes the grazing cattle raise their heads, as if bewildered at the unaccustomed voice. At once a young or an elderly woman appears at the entrance of the ragged and storm-worn tent, the felt pieces of which have been bleached by rain and snow, whilst belt, ropes, and pegs are sadly out of repair. It is a poor tent. The male inhabitant is out on some predatory or hunting expedition, whilst his wife has to tend the flock in close proximity to the dwelling, or is engaged in spinning or rolling a new piece of felt to be laid under the new member of the family whose arrival is expected soon. On perceiving the pious stranger from a distant land she utters a few words of joyous surprise, and soon

comes forward with a wooden dish of sour milk, with a piece of cheese, or with a bundle of sun-dried fish. The visitor partakes of the offering with a loud "Bismillah," i.e., "In the name of God," whilst his hostess sits opposite shedding tears because God has given her the opportunity of feeding a guest. As soon as he has satisfied his hunger she brings before him the plain colored camel-hair, the material for the new carpet, in order to have bestowed upon it his blessings, as a sure sign of happiness to her coming child. For a while the Turcoman woman will remain quite motionless, her eyes fixed upon the movements of your lips, every sound of which is most anxiously caught, and it is only after having finished the recital of the Koran, of which she does not understand a single word, that she gives vent to her blissful satisfaction, by uttering a sigh from the depth of her heart, or by a tear, of which the poet justly says:—

The lips may beguile  
With a dimple or smile,  
But the test of affection's a tear.

I have often witnessed scenes of this nature that were indescribably touching, and it may be easily understood how this comes back to my memory, whenever I have to picture the lights and shadows of life amongst the primitive inhabitants of the desert. No wonder, too, that during my abode amongst the Turcomans on the Gurgan feelings of admiration were mingled with the deep aversion and horror that agitated my heart.

When sitting alone in my tent on the banks of the river, my eyes used to linger with an unspeakable longing on the blue summits of the Elburz Mountains appearing on the south-eastern horizon, and I liked to dream of the earthly happiness which reigned in the country underneath. To connect Persian rule and earthly happiness may sound rather ironical; but compared with the social conditions of man in the desert, life in Persia seemed to me quite an Eldorado—nay, the highest degree of social beatitude! And still how hopeless was the situation twenty years ago—how void of the feeblest ray of a better future! Persia was, as usual, helpless to protect her own subjects against the depredations of the greedy and warlike nomads; while Russia, fully engaged in the Caucasus, had only thrown at intervals some armed regards to the eastern shores of the Caspian Sea. By "armed regards" I mean those occasional

attacks made by Russia upon the Yomuts at Gomushtep, which, without inflicting serious harm on the nomads, nevertheless impressed them with the notion of Russia's formidable power, and filled their breasts with terror. Many of the Turcomans had then an opportunity of learning the superiority of European arms, and the smallest detachment of Russian soldiers caused the greatest havoc amongst the nomads. I remember a Yomut of about thirty who was literally riddled by Russian bullets, and who lived upon the charity of his fellow-countrymen by showing the manifold traces of valor upon his legs, arms, and breast. He used to uncover himself before me with an ostentatious pride, and, in lieu of material presents, I had to give an abundant portion of holy breath (*nefes*) upon the traces of Russian marksmen. "Those Russian infidels will be driven into the sea," was the usual saying one heard at that time. Others, less confident in the valor of the unarmed patriots, did not conceal their gloomy foreboding of the near future. Kizil Akhoud, the most learned Turcoman I met with, always pointed out to me the prophecy of the great national bard, Makhdunkuli, who, towards the end of the last century, had predicted, in one of his poems entitled "The End of the World," *"that Russia will be the power who destroys the Moslem, and that finally Antichrist will annihilate Russia."*

In spite of these black clouds hovering on the horizon of the Turcoman future, the three tribes or branches I named were separated by the greatest hatred. The formidable Tekkes were much more feared by the Yomuts than either the *Urus* (Russian) or the *Kizilbush* (Persian). In my capacity as an osmanli and a hadji I tried to make peace amongst the hostile brethren. Letters were exchanged between the Akhul-Tekkes and the Ata-Bai Yomuts on the Gurgan—and even a meeting of delegates took place at the foot of the Kuran Mountains, in which I acted as a pacificator; but I saw at once that fire and water could easier amalgamate than these two factions of the same race, having one language and one religion. When returning to the tent, Hadji Bilal, one of my travelling companions, very fittingly remarked: "The wolf and the jackal will never unite; the wild boar (Russia) will first break their legs, and only as helpless cripples will they lie down peacefully side by side." Recent events have fully proved that prediction; but, during my stay in the desert, recon-



ciliation was utterly hopeless, and even an excursion from the country of the Yomuts into the district inhabited by the Tekkes was deemed a most dangerous undertaking. Clad in rags and leaning on a stick, one might have ventured on a solitary march to the outlying districts; but in company with other travellers one always risked, if not his life, certainly his liberty. Strange to say, the Tekkes had no scruple in making a slave even of a hadji or of a dervish, and, after forcing him to renounce his Sunnite persuasion, in selling him for ready cash. As for myself I was happily safe from such perils, for, being lame, I could not have been exchanged even for a humble donkey; although many of those inveterate slave-dealers, on seeing my otherwise strong frame, could hardly conceal their disappointment on discovering my defective limb. I could not be employed in tending a herd of camels or sheep, for this service requires a good runner. Being, therefore, only available for domestic business—such as the grinding of flour, the collecting of dung for firing material, and other similar employment, those reckless robbers very justly did not find me worth the food with which I had to be fed. As for ransom, it was certainly with shuddering that I recollected the case of M. de Blocqueville, the French photographer in the service of the king of Persia, who, falling into the hands of the Tekke Turcomans, and being recognized as a European, had to be ransomed with the heavy sum of ten thousand ducats. Had the Turcomans known that I was a Frenchman (European), and the travelling member of a scientific society, the lucky conduct of their sagacious brethren near Merv would have sealed my fate. But, fortunately, not the slightest suspicion was aroused in that direction. My character as a hadji from Turkey, and a semi-official messenger of the Ottoman embassy of Teheran to Khiva and Bokhara, was never doubted; and, fascinating even the mollahs with my recital of the Koran, and particularly with my Turkish conversation, I was safe from fetching such a high price as the goodly Frenchman did.

Speaking of my personal adventures, I cannot omit mentioning that, during my stay at Gomushtepe, many Turcomans applied for introductory letters to the Ottoman ambassador at the Persian court, in the hope of becoming subjects of the sultan—a political foresight which did honor to the sharpness of these seem-

ingly plain children of nature. Strangely enough, most of my letters were delivered at Teheran, and having got them back subsequently through Haidar Efendi, the then Turkish ambassador, it is not without emotion that I now preserve these mementoes of this most trying time.

Mr. O'Donovan, in his recently published and highly interesting work on the Merv Oasis, mentions, in chapter xlii., that he inhabited the same tent as I occupied whilst amongst the Turcomans, and that my former host had still a recollection of me. It is very likely that the Russians at Ashuvada had revealed to the nomads my real character; but I much doubt whether they found faith with the leading men at Gomushtepe, for these had got assurances to the contrary from the officials of the Teheran embassy, which were much more accredited.

My gentle reader will easily imagine that it was with anything but feelings of sorrow I left the scene of my adventures, and how, starting for the interior of the desert on my way to Khiva, I felt a kind of relief in getting out of a society so full of horror. Neither the fear of merciless robbers nor the danger of twenty days' march over a waterless steppe and under a scorching sun, could embitter to me the enjoyment of travelling untrodden ground. Doomed to sit in a basket on the back of a camel, the counterpoise of which was a young buffalo, whose perfume was not very refreshing, and continually threatened by the plans of a revengeful Afghan, whose eyes, accustomed to European features, had nearly penetrated the secret of my disguise, I still was delighted with having turned my back on the lawless inhabitants of the desert, and with the prospect of witnessing the town life of central Asia, which promised to be so utterly different from what I had seen hitherto in Turkey and in Persia. Curiosity was enhanced by the charm of mystery in which that part of Asia had been wrapt before the eyes of Europe. Of course there also great illusions awaited me. But the sense of greater security, as compared with the state of things in the desert, where, as I have stated, all communication was entirely cut off from the rest of the world, would compensate for many evils. So completely isolated was this desert region that when, returning from Samarkand, I was presented to the king of Persia, the monarch made as anxious inquiries about his neighbor princes, and listened with as much attention to my accounts, as if I

had spoken to him of Japan or Peru. The ignorance as to central Asia which I met with in Teheran, as well as in Constantinople, was really astounding.

Such was the case twenty years ago, and one cannot help surprise on comparing the actual state of things now and viewing the changes which have taken place among the people and rulers of those outlying countries. Putting aside the three khanates of former existence, where the European traveller can now move about with ease and security, I must allude, above all, to the radical change in the desert and in the character of its restless inhabitants. On the very spot where I travelled twenty years ago under continual anxiety and fear, where the tired and exhausted wanderer could scarcely enjoy his night's rest, there are now European merchants moving about alone with their merchandise, whilst the exploring traveller can pass from one end of the country to the other, measuring the skulls of the inhabitants or drawing the picture of habits and customs as freely and undisturbedly as in the midst of Europe. Strange to say, even the restless sands, which used to change the surface of the ground in the course of a few hours, raising mounds on the place of former plains, even these have been fixed down by the iron lines of a railroad for a distance of nearly three hundred miles, from the Balkan Bay to Bami, where the scream of the engine not only frightens the large herds of wild asses, but has filled the heart of the formerly dauntless nomad with terror, and has transformed him into a peaceable man. Boundless is my astonishment when I read in the attractively written book of Mr. O'Donovan, how the enterprising correspondent of the *Daily News* visited, without any escort, the Turcoman settlement on the Gurgan, how he succeeded in living for weeks, nay, for months not only at Gornush-tepe, but even at Merv, touched hitherto only by the outstretching shadow of Russian power; and, what must surprise us above all, how this gentleman succeeded in leaving that place, where the memory of the large ransom paid for his involuntary predecessor has certainly not been effaced. No doubt civilization marches at a very quick pace, and ere long we shall see the railway extending to Herat, along the trade route which anciently went from India across Afghanistan, along the north-eastern portion of Persia to the Caspian Sea.

As to the changes possibly wrought in the personal character of the Turcoman, I believe he will be less able to resist the sway of the moral influence of his victor than his cousin in the north, namely, the Kirghiz, who has got a larger field for his wandering propensities, and who can better evade the coercive measures of colonization. The Turcomans, who boasted before me that as long as the speed of their horses can vie with the wind, and as long as each sand grain of their desert remains unfastened, they would never be ruled by a foreign race — these Turcomans must now have been most rudely awakened from their dream of security! As yet they do not experience the hardship of the foreign rule, for they are beguiled to bear the yoke by mild treatment. They also get acquainted with such commodities of Western culture as liquors and gambling, which were formerly scarcely known. Cards I met only once in the desert, and they had then the curious name of *Urus Kitab*, i.e., the Koran of the Muscovite, whilst drink was confined to those outlaws who, by their frequent inroads into Persia, had become acquainted with wine or with brandy. Now there are two large brandy distilleries in close proximity to the Akhal country, whilst the Yomuts can procure that poison from the numerous shops opened in Krasnowodsk and in Tchikishlar, an opportunity of which they seem to make ample use. I do not doubt that there will be other drawbacks caused by the introduction of Western culture through Russian channels, but in spite of all these inconveniences, which appear wherever Europeans come in contact with uncivilized races, we are bound to say that the change is for the better, and that, considering what life in the desert was twenty years ago, Russia's advance in that part of central Asia, if judged from a humanitarian and not a political point of view, must be taken as beneficial to the cause of humanity.

If such be the case, why did I oppose, years ago, Russia's policy in the East? How is it that I am looked upon in England, as well as on the Continent, as an alarmist and a Russophobic *par excellence*? Well, my answer to this just question is the following: As long as Russia continues to conquer only such peoples and to annex only such territories, by the possession of which she does not threaten England's position in India, so long nobody has any right to interfere with her

doings; nay, everybody must rejoice in her achievements and, moved by humanitarian feelings, must congratulate her. But should Russia use her civilizing mission merely as a pretext to damage the imperial interests of Great Britain, and should the policy of the court of St. Petersburg in any way try to bar or to destroy England's beneficial work in the south of Asia, then every thinking man is bound to turn against such highly obnoxious schemes of aggrandisement, and to look upon Russia as bent upon mischief and her conduct as detrimental to the sacred cause of humanity. Well, I am sorry to say that in my view Russia follows the last-mentioned line of policy, and that the odious rivalry between these two great factions of European culture in Asia is entirely and exclusively owing to her double game and to her want of sincerity. This is my firm belief, and this has induced me for the last twenty years to side with England, the justice of whose cause nobody can doubt, and whose brilliant capacities as a propagator of pure Christian culture no man will question.

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From All The Year Round.  
ABSENT-MINDED PEOPLE.

IF it be generally conceded — and few, we should imagine, will be disposed to question the truth of the assertion — that presence of mind is a most excellent and enviable quality, its antithesis, or as our neighbors aptly designate it, *distraction*, may with equal correctness be regarded as exactly the reverse. The one helps us out of our difficulties, the other leads us into them, and that not by any fault of the individual afflicted with the malady, who, being strictly irresponsible for his innate vagaries, can no more hinder his wits from "wool-gathering," than could a certain well-known kleptomaniac refrain from carrying off — in default of other available booty — the tame hedgehog she happened to espy in the hall of a friend's house after an evening party. Absence of mind has ever been a fertile anecdotal theme, and it requires no little precaution to avoid incurring the reproach of *bis repetita*; the following specimens, however, partly the fruits of desultory reading, partly original, have found their way into our note-book, and we have grouped them together without any attempt at classification, as more or less

comically illustrating the heading of our paper.

An amusing instance of this infirmity is recorded by that indefatigable chronicler Tallemant des Réaux in his notice of Madame de Rohan, mother of the first duke of that name, who was so deplorably subject to "distractions" as to furnish continual entertainment both to court and city. Paying a visit one day, accompanied by a lady friend to M. Deslandes, a grave legal functionary, and being told that he was expected home shortly, she decided on awaiting his return, and meanwhile installed herself comfortably in his usual sitting-room, where, according to her custom, she fell into a reverie, and imagined that she had never left her own house. On the arrival of the magistrate half an hour later, she received him with the respect due to so distinguished a visitor, and insisted on his dining with her and her companion; whereupon M. Deslandes, whose ordinary fare was of the simplest, despatched his servant to the nearest *traiteur* in quest of a supplementary dish or two, in honor of the occasion. When the dinner — such as it was — made its appearance, Madame de Rohan, still fancying herself to be the hostess, glanced disparagingly at the meagre repast, and apologized for its insufficiency to her supposed guest, observing that he would probably have dined better at home. Fearing that she might continue in a similar strain, her friend quietly asked her if she knew where she was; and this bringing her to her senses, she suddenly recollected that she had already accepted an invitation elsewhere, and hurried away without vouchsafing another word to the astonished M. Deslandes, leaving him to enjoy his improvised banquet as best he might.

The Duke de Chevreuse, son of the celebrated Marie de Rohan, was by no means exempt from the family failing. While staying at his country-seat, Vaucresson, he was informed early one morning that his intendant, M. Sconin, was waiting by appointment to see him; and, being at that moment engaged with his correspondence, sent word to his visitor that if he would take a turn in the garden, he would be ready to receive him in half an hour, and this done he resumed his work, and thought no more of the matter. Towards seven o'clock in the evening M. Sconin was again announced, and this time admitted to the presence of the duke, who expressed his regret that he had

caused him to lose a day. "Not in the least, monsieur," replied Sconin; "having had the honor of serving you for several years, I naturally imagined that the half-hour you mentioned might be rather a long one, I therefore started for Paris, where I had some business to transact, dined there, and have just returned to receive your commands." "Ah," said M. de Chevreuse, "my good Sconin, I am afraid that you have had your journey for nothing; for, now I come to think of it, I have not the slightest recollection what they were."

No one was more *distracted* than La Fontaine; no one was less practical in the management of his affairs. Not even an important lawsuit in which he was engaged could induce him to quit his abode in the country for the purpose—then universally adopted—of soliciting the good offices of the judges in his favor, until he received a letter from a friend, announcing that the trial was fixed for the following day. His correspondent at the same time sent him a horse, in order that he might have no excuse for delay; and thus provided, the fabulist started on his journey. By the time he had arrived within three or four miles of Paris, he had entirely forgotten the motive of his ride, and bethought himself of paying a visit to a literary colleague residing in the neighborhood; and being cordially welcomed by his host, remained there all night, utterly oblivious of his lawsuit and everything connected with it. When he awoke next morning, he suddenly recollected the object of his expedition; and, taking leave of his hospitable entertainer, remounted his steed and reached the capital exactly an hour after the verdict had been given against him. On being reproached by his friend for his unpardonable negligence, he merely observed that he was perfectly satisfied, "for," he added, "now that I have lost my first cause, I shall at least have no temptation to begin another."

Shortly after the publication of his fables, it was intimated to him that he ought to present a copy to the king, and, acting on the suggestion, he repaired to Versailles, where he was graciously received by Louis the Fourteenth, who in the course of conversation expressed a wish to see the work.

"Ma foi, sire," stammered La Fontaine, after vainly searching his pockets, "I have forgotten to bring it."

During the long struggle for supremacy

between the rival composers Glück and Piccini, the latter was presented to Marie Antoinette, who, as is well known, was an enthusiastic partisan of his adversary. Wishing to learn the maestro's opinion of her vocal talent, she requested him to accompany her on the piano, and when too late to repair the mistake, discovered that in a momentary fit of abstraction, she had selected for the display of her powers an air from "Alceste." "I never think of it without blushing," the queen afterwards remarked to the Prince de Ligne.

A certain great lady, whose absence of mind was proverbial, happening to meet in society a young lady who had lately lost her husband, condoled with her sympathetically on her bereavement; then, after a pause, during which she lapsed into her accustomed forgetfulness, enquired to the stupefaction of the mourner, "Was he the only one you had?"

A very prolific French dramatic writer, whose failures were far more numerous than his triumphs, had read one of his comedies previous to its representation to a few chosen colleagues, who, one and all, declared it to be excellent; the public, however, thought differently, and the vaunted masterpiece, when at length produced on the stage, was outrageously hissed. Annoyed at having been the dupe of his own gratified vanity, the author complained bitterly of the insincerity of his friends, and, addressing himself to a well-known man of letters, who formed one of the group assembled round him at the Café Procope, the favorite resort of everybody connected with the theatre, vowed that henceforth he would never submit his productions to the judgment of his fellow-dramatists. "I would rather," he said, "ten thousand times rather read them to persons who have no pretension to talent of any kind, even to a pack of idiots; so, monsieur, if you have no objection to listen to my next comedy, I will read it to you."

A good story is told of M. de Sabran, the author of some highly esteemed fables, and perhaps the most incorrigible *distracted* of his time. While on a visit to Madame de Staël at Coppet, he was in the habit of indulging every day after dinner in a solitary ramble, and one evening remained out of doors so much longer than usual, that his hostess began to grow uneasy at his absence. At length he arrived in the most pitiable condition, splashed from head to foot, and dripping wet up to the knee.

"Where in the world have you been?" asked Madame de Staël.

"Madame," he replied with the greatest calm, "I have been taking my customary walk."

"You must have fallen into the water," she said, "for your feet are positively soaked."

"Only the dew, madame, I assure you. I never once left the broad alley by the mill."

"That explains the state you are in," exclaimed Corinne; "is it possible you never perceived that the water had been turned into that very alley, and that you have been walking in it up to your ankles for the last two hours?"

Munster, Bishop of Copenhagen, was noted for his absence of mind, an infirmity which increased as he advanced in years. He was accustomed, whenever his duties summoned him from home, to hang a placard on his door, announcing, for the benefit of any chance visitor, that he would return at a certain hour. One day, being obliged to attend to some important business in the town, he affixed the usual notice, and, his errand accomplished, came home, and ascended the stairs leading to his modest apartment. On arriving opposite his door, he glanced mechanically at the placard, and, entirely unconscious of his own identity, concluded that he was too early, and waited outside until the clock struck, when he suddenly recollected who and where he was, and let himself in.

This reminds one of General de Laborde, an ex-aide-de-camp of Louis Philippe, who, after making his bow at a ministerial soirée, was so absorbed by his own reflections on leaving, that, while still half-way through a long suite of rooms communicating with each other, he fancied that he had already reached the porter's lodge, and, to the astonishment of all present and his own confusion, exclaimed in a sonorous voice, "Cordon, s'il vous plaît!"

Châteaubriand relates in his memoirs that his wife, who had organized for charitable purposes a sale of chocolate manufactured under her own personal superintendence, was so entirely devoted to her philanthropic project that she thought of nothing else; and on more than one occasion so far forgot herself as, instead of subscribing her letters "Vicomtesse de Châteaubriand," to sign them Vicomtesse "de Chocolat."

French actors are rarely on good terms

with their managers, being generally apt to regard them as their natural enemies. Few, however, have carried their animosity farther than Arnal. During one of his innumerable lawsuits with the director of the Vaudeville, he deemed it expedient to propitiate his judge by a preliminary visit, and lost no time in soliciting an audience of the president of the tribunal.

"Monsieur," was the unexpected reply of the porter, "he died last night."

"Oh," said Arnal, too deeply intent on his own affairs to realize the other's meaning, "that does not signify in the least, I have only one word to say to him!"

Perhaps, after all, the individual most notoriously subject to this infirmity was the country manager, Thornton, of whom more instances of chronic absence of mind have been related than would fill a volume. The following, which we believe to be authentic, has never to our knowledge appeared in print. Thornton was staying with his wife at Brighton, whether for business or pleasure is not recorded; and, according to his usual custom, started one morning for a stroll on the beach before breakfast. It was nearly high tide, and in the course of his walk the brightness of a pebble just washed by the sea struck his eye, and he took it up in order to examine it more closely. Presently it occurred to him that it was time to return to the Old Ship, where the couple lodged; and, looking at his watch, he discovered it was almost nine o'clock, the hour appointed for the morning meal. Putting the pebble carefully in his pocket, he mechanically tossed his watch into the water, and reached home just as the shrimps and fried bacon were placed on the table. Their departure having been previously fixed for that day, Mrs. Thornton, after doing ample justice to the dainties provided, and not wishing to be late for the coach, turned to her husband, and enquired what time it was; whereupon the manager, extracting the pebble from his pocket, began to stroke his nose (his invariable habit when in great perplexity), and staring at the stone, fell to wondering how it came there.

"What are you looking at, Mr. Thornton?" asked his astonished wife. "And pray, where is your watch?"

"My dear," he replied with a bewildered air, "I haven't the least idea, unless"—here a fresh inspection of the pebble appeared to suggest some faint remembrance of the substitution—"unless it is at the bottom of the sea!"



From The Saturday Review.  
WHITSUNTIDE AT HOME AND ABROAD.

EVEN in these days of conquests by the Blue Ribbon crusaders, there are only too many honest Britons who confound recreation with dissipation, or something like it; and who think they have done no sort of justice to so solemn an occasion as a holiday if they do not carry home a headache for the morrow. Our country people might learn sundry useful lessons in that respect from foreigners, and especially from the Germans. We cannot honestly assert that the Germans are abstemious or even moderate in the use of either beer or tobacco, or even of solid food, for the matter of that; but as the beer, at all events, is sound and light, they may indulge in it liberally without danger of excess. The Germans, at least, are sincere admirers of scenery, though till of late years they were very little addicted to travel. All the more on that account do they love to make the most of their immediate neighborhoods at the seasons when long custom authorizes them to leave their business. And where can full-blown spring be more thoroughly enjoyable than in the romantic Rhineland, then untroubled by tourists; in the spirit-haunted Harts, in the absurdly-named *das* charming Saxon Switzerland, or in such forests as those of Thuringia or Baden? At Whitsuntide the cities and the towns pour their populations into the country. The steamboats and the special tourist trains are swamped in good-humored mobs; from the biggest hotel down to the smallest *Gasthaus*, every corner is filled to overflowing. The air in the immediate precincts of these establishments is redolent of sausages, *Sauerkraut*, and tobacco; and the feats performed with the knives and forks of the competing customers are astounding. But digestions generally appear to be well up to their work, and dyspepsia, at all events, does not vent itself in visible ill-temper. Even when actually eating and drinking the excursionists live as much as possible *unter freiem Himmel*; for all the restaurants, like the idol-sanctuaries in ancient Palestine, stand in groves, and any number of small round tables are spread out in the open air. Perhaps that material side of the German holiday-making may be the most conspic-

uous; but it would be a mistake to suppose that more æsthetic things are neglected. Between the early dinner and the late supper these tables are deserted, save by casual strangers from a distance dropping in for chance refreshment or by a few belated veterans snoring peacefully behind their pipes. And the seeming solitude and silence of the surrounding woods are absolutely deceptive. The Germans are by no means a noisy people; and you may suspect nothing of the many straggling parties till you almost stumble upon them. But there are sure to be certain favorite resorts, either consecrated by some romantic mediæval legend or recommended by natural charms. And at these, which are of course enlivened by the perennial beer-taps and coffee-kettles, social groups are assembled in an amicable interchange of civilities. On the way to them you pass respectable heads of houses, in flowing black frock-coats, with bloated umbrellas, dragging up the steep woodland paths, laboriously towing their better halves along, who hang an embarrassing weight on their arms. And in Germany there always seems to be a superfluity of spinsters of most uncertain age, in mushroom hats and scanty petticoats, who might really have sat as the originals of those caricatures of the English "meeses" which we wonder at in the windows of the Rue de Rivoli. Elsewhere, in some sylvan nook or in the secluded depths of some rocky ravine, we come upon family parties enveloped in smoke-clouds raised by the men, while the ladies are contentedly chatting and knitting. The young women are more closely looked after than with us, so, unless in case of actual and imminent engagement, detached couples are seldom to be surprised. But should you prolong your walk, as you may probably be tempted to do, you will come upon long-haired youths with their great green botanical or entomological cases, eagerly hunting after science in her most seductive resorts. And when all these worthy folks go home after their holiday, it can hardly have left any but pleasant memories behind; for although we might fancy they had over-smoked and over-eaten themselves had they been English, surely they ought to know their own constitutions best.